

Dubious Achievements of 1971!



JANUARY 1972

PRICE \$1

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Pretty Boy Award

Chief Justice Burger
dresses his hair
with beer.

The Dr. No Award

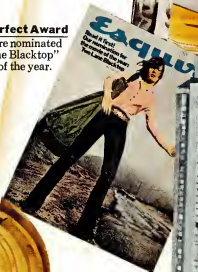
Bill Moyers said,
"The country seems to be
passing a great kidney stone."

Nobody's Perfect Award

Esquire nominated
"Two Lane Blacktop"
best picture of the year.

Bon Voyage Award

Bon Vivant Vichyssoise



Radical Cheek Award

A woman living on
welfare at the Waldorf
said that the maid service
could have been better.

Come to where the flavor is. Marlboro Country.



Marlboro Red
or Marlboro 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Red: 20 mg. tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine—
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
100's: 22 mg. tar, 1.5 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"Someday I'll take you to
the Costa Brava to live.
But until then..."



Perfume, 200 ml. to 2000. Eau de Toilette, 100 ml. to 1000. Fragrance, 100 ml. to 1000.



As long as you mean it—
Promise her anything but give her Arpege. By Lanvin

The drier liqueur

2 & 3 on the rocks

B & E Singer

B&B à la Française

B&B is the drier liqueur...made with exquisite Benedictine, blended with superb cognac in the abbey at Fecamp, France. After *colée*...enjoy B&B à la Française, on the rocks, or the new B&B Stinger: 3 parts B&B, 1 part white crème de menthe, shake with ice, strain into cocktail glass or serve over ice.



B & B
WINE & SPIRITS
The drier liquor

The new Orbitor 4000[®] by Gillette.
It'll change your mind about getting
a razor for Christmas.

Until now, a room for Christmas was nothing new. The Cylcor 4000 has changed all that.

the power until it can handle makes the shaving edge rotate. It actually moves through 4000 micro-second orbits per minute. Every orbit is a shaving stroke. So you get 4000 shaving strokes per minute.

Because the shaving edge is flexible, you never have to pull this razor through your whiskers. All you do is guide it. The smooth, uniform water action shaves you close and clean. We believe you will find less pulling, less tugging, more shaving comfort than you've ever felt before.

The Orbitor 4000 is completely waterproof. It's cordless and it re-charges overnight with power to spare. For more than an ordinary razor, it has a precision trimmer, a handsome, peck-toed and cushioned.

So when someone gives you an October 4000 Fazer for Christmas, you won't have to pretend it's what you really wanted.

The Orbitor 4000[®] Razor by Gillette



Brut for Men.

If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
But by Fabergé.



PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Business and the Arts: The Background

Why deep in the well of the past, to write Thomas Mann is the last best of one of his novels. We thought of that line as we started to summarize for this year's announcement of our Business and the Arts Awards, the background of the idea of trying to encourage the actual support and involvement of art and industry.

Although this is only the sixth time that we have held this annual competition, and the fourth case with the collaboration of the Business Committee for the Arts, still our own involvement with the idea, collectively, goes back a very long way. Trying to return it, we found ourselves going back before the beginning of this magazine, to the original sense of the predecessor, *Apparel Arts*, where we wrote in 1951, for appearance in print at the beginning of 1952, about "the coming symposium of Art and Industry." That's forty years ago.

Still, when we first announced these awards, a major reason behind, in the wake of passing the rhetorical question in *Culture the Business of Business*, the whole idea still seemed fairly novel. Sure that time, the whole Business and the Arts movement has flourished to a degree that would have been hard to foresee, and although it has not yet reached what Churchill termed "the end of the beginning," still it has taken four pretty sizable volumes to tell its story so far. Taken together, they are the books of the life of this whole thing.

The one that is in every sense of the term, the *Genesis of the movement*, is the Rockefeller Panel Report, published by McGraw-Hill in the Spring of '61, entitled *The Performing Arts: Problems and Prospects*, and it is still available both in hard cover and in paperback form, and it is even more rewarding reading today than when it was first published, because you can see how prophetic it was.

The other three books are the new annual publications of the Business Committee for the Arts, beginning with the 1990 volume *Business and the Arts: A Survey of the Industry*, and continuing with *Business and the Arts '76*, and the current volume *The State of the Arts and Corporate Support*. All three may be obtained directly from the Business Committee for the Arts, 1275 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The year's B.C.A. book on the current state of corporate support of the arts will feature a survey, now nearly completed, conducted by the B.C.A. by Sandra Kane & Co., who are Consultants represented on the Business Committee's membership roster, and this survey immediately shows that the dimension of corporate support of the arts is still very much "upward and onward," is direct and dramatic center to it, every

other aspect of the company in the recession of the last eighteen months.

But to get back to the beginning, the Empire-B.C.A. Award program, which has been jointly sponsored since 1966, was begun by Empire in 1955 as the outgrowth of one initiated by the New York Board of Trade the year before, to coincide with the publication of the Rockefeller Panel Report.

At a luncheon in the Spring of '55, given by the New York Board of Trade in honor of the members of the Rockefeller Panel, headed by John B. Rockefeller, 3rd, a dozen awards were given to outstanding for significant support of the performing arts and their services to the community in the field of noncommercial arts.

Since these original Board of Trade awards were confined to New York-based corporations, as was well natural for a Manhattan institution now nearly a century old, it occurred to us at Empire that we could spread the good word, so to speak, by establishing similar awards across the country, to demonstrate both the past and the mutual advantages of the business-arts relationship on the community level.

So we initiated our own series of awards in 1955, to put the Board of Trade's Broadway production, as it were, into a mid-company basis, into Empire beyond the metropolitan area, to lower recognition as well as to honor companies as small as Universal, Prescient, and Glenside, TriStar. After the formation of the Business Committee for the Arts, in the Fall of 1957, it became a permanent response of the awards in 1966, chiefly because of the passage of the Empire competition and the general objectives of the Committee concerned—both being concerned with broadening the base of corporate support of the arts.

In the beginning, we depended almost entirely on state and local arts councils and chambers of commerce to submit nominations for awards, although from the start we were open to entries direct from the corporations themselves.

In their past five years, well over twelve hundred nominations have resulted in awards or citations to 136 companies of all sizes, in 104 cities and towns in 42 states, which have aided at least 568 different arts groups. About two thirds of these companies are non-manufacturing, and one half have markets which are purely local or regional. For the first three years of the new decade of the corporate entities were submitted by arts or arts organizations. Companies ought not for their activities in support of the arts enjoyed what we always termed as "an after" posture, expressing perhaps the uncertainty or careless attitude felt about their role, relative to the arts, as a dimension in philanthropy. Since the Business Committee (Continued on page 212)



Table whiskey. The present of Christmas past.

Carner and Jove can tell you a lot better than we can what this Christmas of long ago was like.

(You see, they were amazed then too. They started making their points in the 1850's when Henry McKenna started making his bourbon.)

So we've wrapped our bourbon in

one of their wonderful holiday scenes. And we believe it captures the spirit of table whiskey better than any words ever could.

Table whiskey comes from a time when mass production was a thing of the future. It was made in a small distillery by just a handful of people.

Today, 116 years later, table whiskey is still made in that same distillery. And by only 26 people.

This Christmas, why not give it to someone special. Or put it on your own table.

It won't bring back the good old days. But it will give you a taste of them.

Gifts that won't give

They're Polaroid Land cameras you couldn't give last year because they

MODEL 430

Uses Focused Flash system. Automatic electronic exposure system for other shots. Dual-image coupled rangefinder-viewfinder. Detachable cover and adjustable carrying strap.

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UNDER \$50 without

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You save up to 25%* with every color shot you take. Because its square picture is a little smaller than our regular one. Built-in Focused Flash system. Automatic electronic exposure system for all other shots. New automatic distance finder (just line up on the text and shoot).

Strictly for color.
UNDER \$35.



MODEL 440

The camera we put just about everything into. The Focused Flash system automatically controls the flash as you focus the camera. (Built-in battery light for 5 1/2-foot closeups. Perfect light for group shots as far as 10 feet back.) Automatic electronic exposure system for all other shots. Electronic development timer "beeps" when picture's perfectly developed.

Single-window Zeiss Ikon range-

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UNDER \$175 with Focused Flash.
UNDER \$165 without

anybody a minute's rest.

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MODEL 440

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UNDER \$90 without



MODEL 430

Uses Focused Flash system. Automatic electronic exposure system for other shots. Mechanical development timer. Dual-image coupled rangefinder-viewfinder. Same sharp triplet lens as expensive cameras. Lightweight high-impact plastic body.

UNDER \$60 with Focused Flash.
UNDER \$50 without



BIG SHOT

Strictly for color portraits. The kind you get in studios (the picture's almost all face). Focusing is simple: just move toward your subject. When two images in your viewfinder become one, shoot. Built-in timer helps you get beautiful color portraits in just one minute. The least expensive color camera we've ever offered.

UNDER \$20.



POLAROID COLORPACK FILM

For seeing Christmas all over again before it's all over. The perfect gift for people who already have Polaroid Land cameras.

Polaroid

*Comparison based on T86/T1106 film at suggested list prices. Polaroid®

The optional everything system. Quadrasonic. Quadruplex™ Stereo. And the double play.

With Panasonic's optional everything system you start simple. With the SC-8700. Then build up your sound from there. The SC-8700 is a 4-piece music center with a 4-channel amplifier. It has an FM/AM/FM stereo receiver. A 4-speed Garrard automatic turntable with a Pickering V-15 cartridge. Two-in-one sound reproduction system. And 60 watts of power (BIF).

Add a pair of SB-170 or SB-170 speakers, and you get the sound of Quadruplex™ circuitry. The second set of speakers

playing the music a fraction of a second later. The way you'd hear music in a concert hall. And you can even get Quadruplex from your old stereo records and tapes. As well as from our FM stereo.

For people who want to get right inside the music, we have something special. Quadrasonic. Just add our 8-track tape deck, the RS-817US. And now you can hear four separate channels of sound. One channel from each speaker. One speaker might be emphasizing the string section. One the woodwinds. One the brass. And one the percussion.

So instead of just listening to Mahler's Third, you feel like you're the conductor.

The SC-8700 also lets you make the double play. Something that's perfect for families with different tastes in music. With the optional set of speakers, you can play Bach on FM stereo in your room. While the kids listen to a Beatles' record in their room. At the same time.

You can hear the whole works at your franchised Panasonic Hi-Fi dealer. The one man who gives you all the options on how to listen to music.



Panasonic.
Just slightly ahead of our time.

Brandy for the boys.

What you see in the picture below is an example of brandy as a beverage. Note the people talking. Manching. Actually drinking. Not a couple of sniffs, mind you. Not sips of naps. But swallows.

This is possible with Fundador. Fundador is Spanish brandy. Unlike most imported brandies, it's so gentle you can drink it by the mouthful.

The sight of brandy and sherry keeves might seem strange to you at first. And you might have to get

used to the idea of brandy before you're it. Or when you haven't just come in out of the rain.

But human beings adapt fast. Before you know it, your vocabulary will be swelled by phrases like brandy and protease. Brandy and strange (public briney and tuna fish on eye).

And perhaps someday, n' "brandy down."

Fundador from Spain.
Brandy people actually drink.



80 Proof Imported from Spain by The Wine & Spirits Importers, Ltd., N.Y.



Enroute your separate accounts in pads at hotel surroundings. Unpleasant bathroom for the Quid (Moo—Oingo) lobby. Long ride MOTOR HOTEL. Be sure you get out national language at car king and living room. Bedroom and car bed and kitchen.

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EDITORS' NOTES

[illegible]

Socialism's poverty is felt by *The New France Pioneer* May (1961); and so did George Orwell on many notable occasions, especially in *Homage to Catalonia*. His most personal account of the Spanish Civil War is to be found in *The Ascent of Man*, written in 1940. For the *pacifist* Walter Pape's son Jack Fisher, who was the first, I believe, to publish the translation of James Hudson's, and *The New Yorker* could produce a cyclopedic list of writers who have been recently defined and designated as New Journalism. The result is to be found from many magazine journalists somewhat prior to the day before yesterday as unimpressive—or should it be irritating—as the *Left* and the *Right* and others who stand with the latter.

It is enough to think of older examples out of the recent past of this magazine but they would be irrelevant to the same issue. Equally at the late Fifties and Sixties it considered a by-product of the school. The publisher of this magazine—its editor in the Thirties and Forties—has infused more movements than any other I know. When asked his opinion on the subject, he recalled with some pleasure a November *Jerseyman* had come from Peter Math in the Thirties: "Put me in touch with you and I'll give you a year's subscription and I'll sell five pounds of butter." I know that the hand which held a match to my cigarette was that of a woman! *Santa Barbara*

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and patterned tie. He is looking slightly to the side with a subtle smile. His right hand is resting on his lap. In the bottom right corner, there is a bottle of Pub Cologne. The bottle is dark with a light-colored label that has the word 'PUB' and 'COLOGNE' on it. The background is a plain, light color.

The kind of guy who uses it doesn't need it.

Pub Cologne.

short on money, says one Bushyond editor, the late Alan Glass, about 100 of the New Journalists, Dwight Hammons, for example, who has been a frequent writer. Hammons' staff once got an unedited eight-page manuscript at which the editor-in-chief himself, as "literary editor," had to make a decision. "I must restrict himself to conventional journalistic forms in writing about politics," Hammons wrote. "The writer must write about the 'other' and not the 'mainstream' should risk, for 'literary journalism' is a distortion which allows any writer with sufficient beyond-the-mainstream knowledge to pose as a journalist to write as well as to be able. It is certainly no distortion for a writer of substance to be labeled as a modernist or postmodernist, or even as a postmodernist conforming to one New Journalist's view—see *New Journalists*—now prevalent. Old Journalism. Old Journalism are concerned with the quality of the work, not with the build and offensively so, possible with a stylistic framework which is foreign to most readers. But literary journalism is a new framework, a new way of writing and there is nothing new about conventional writing except when there occurs the even-pairing of a single word with a single image, as in "a Tulare, a Waifu, ascending to his own singular concepts, and no matter the point in time it took him to get there." —B.T.E.

SPORTS ROGER KAHN

Despite all because of the cold climate and their heritage of Puritan rigidity, the people of Boston have a streak with an edge, Mediterranean abandon. Where else can you find grown-ups who grow passionate enough to send a few folks marching on Washington? Where else can you meet an outfielder earning \$1,200 a hit? Where else can Sunday cranks on a sofa hear three sports radio programs at once, if he owns three radios?

"I understand," says cast Jon Flunkett, the global All-American quarterback who has been a professional football fan for England. "I get swamped pretty much everywhere and it was like that at Stamford, the people here seem, well, a little more aggressive." We had met at Flunkett's intense refuge from coaching lessons and hitting decisions, the home of his wife, Robert G. Wood. Along with another reader from Stamford, Sandy Vitale, Flunkett lives in the basement apartment of Wood's house. It is a handsome house when Flunkett could save probably far less cash. But he is an impressionable, motivated man. "He loves having people live around him," Bob Wood says, "and I guess he appreciates the privacy. Look, I'm impressed by him, but never anything like Flunkett. There hasn't been anything like Jon's arrival here since Ted W. Olson came up in the Thirties. But (it) hit if you drop one, you won't have any sense of bigness. He's just a lovely guy."

When I dropped in, Wood was leaning on a piece of wood. "Come on, Jon. You represent San Francisco. Randy's L.A. I've got the Boston franchise." Wood is a little hard-core, even-tempered sort of Pauline, whom we played two sports at once.

Flunkett and Vitale greeted. The game began. "If you want that shot, Pink," Vitale and Flunkett, "I won't let your pass fool you."

"You don't worry me," Flunkett said. "Would you want me to let it go?"

"Jesse Christ. Superstar," someone else said. The basement erupted into dramatic laughter.

Jon Flunkett can throw a football every yard. He is as big (just-don't-think, 225) as professional tackle of the 1940's and he is quick and strong and smart. Without him the Boston Patriots were the drabbed team in football but never. This year, playing in a new stadium at Foxboro, Massachusetts, and nicknamed the New England Patriots to draw the Rhode Island crowd, the team is attracting 60,000 customers in bad weather and better. Without him the Patriots that one left about the Jets when Jon Newkirk hit New York. But under Newkirk's white rug, Red Label and shag-bearers, Flunkett is the man, the place of profundity and an abiding calm.

When Bob Wood talks seriously about his craft, he belches as an Baltimore lawyer might. He is a player, perhaps the prime, daughter of the profession of sports therapy, but he is still a New England fan, and a pleasant way to grow comfortable with Flunkett is to let Wood make introductions.

"People blame the athlete for a bad team, but when the athlete is poorly advised or misadvised at all, I help out my clients. John Haydon, Derek Sanderson, Colin Murphy, first with contracts. I've written about three hundred contracts for athletes. Then with taxes. It's tough to make a book and tougher still to build onto one. I put some an allowance and then I pay their bills. Usually I try to take the extreme pressure out of their lives."

"When I negotiated with the Boston boys, they complained about having to give money. I was able to point out that they'd increased prices a dollar a ticket at the Boston Garden and that increase, just the increase, covered their entire player payroll. When the American

"Wow. Would you believe a fraternity at Tufts called to get Jon for three months. 'Why?' I said. 'To get a good team.' So, personal experience. He had a class. I can laugh. An athlete could get bogged."

"Look, now, the kind of person Jon is you know he'll do the right thing. After a losing game he'll sign autographs for forty minutes. But teams are so unstable, on I right, and someone like Jon is the more sure at today. I want every adviser did people like Gable and Cooper have? Guess probably. So wherever I can help Jon, I'm glad to help. I root for the Patriots. I want that pressure off so he can just concentrate on winning, which is another thing he'd probably do anyway."

Twenty-four, black-haired, strong-featured, Jon Flunkett sat on a living-room ottoman and stretched his one 17½ inch. He doesn't use the word "Chinese menu," he said, and he doesn't speak Spanish. He was not aware of significant prejudice while growing up in San Jose, California.



Association wanted Flunkett, I was able to negotiate an offer of \$1,200,000, nearly doubled. John turned it down, but the Celtics had to give him a pretty good deal."

"Flunkett's contract was negotiated by a San Calhoun lawyer, Wayne Hanger. We're not disclosing figures. Please don't ask. But it's beautiful. We can add it to our list of handle things easily."

"Well, I saw a couple of things at work. He's the kind of person you'd want in your house and the extreme pressure on him would be tremendous."

"People are after him every minute, not only newspapers but personal appearances, favors. They're all over him. And Jon's a guy trying to make it big at quarterback as a rookie in a league where no quarterback's expected to be much like the first three years."

"The people have been bad Bill Russell in basketball, Bobby Orr in hockey, Carl Yastrzemski in baseball, great but nothing like that in football. They'd been waiting for Flunkett."

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody



Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)



"Did they tell you that?"

"No, I don't know. Just put a word before or after 'Mexican.'"

"One other question you're saying something is similar with the American system."

"I said certain systems were more similar with our society. The educational system for me, although I did all right at Stanford, even I realized my major to play on. Now I think a little about money for other people. Not players but football kind of takes you out of politics. At Stanford I read the front page first. Now I run to the sports page before anything else."

"About the Baltimore Colts?"

"Good one." Flunkett said. "Very good one. You try to stretch a sense of humor and vision."

"I'd want to talk to you Sunday after the game."

"Monday is better," Flunkett said. "We can go out where the game is. Monday would be a time when I'd make more noise. Playing Atlanta I got hit

(Continued on page 42)



Columbia House
offers new members

Any



12 records only \$2.86

(If you join now and agree to buy just 12 records
[at regular Club prices] during the next 2 years)

Yes, life's great — if you join the Columbia Record Club now, you may have ANY 12 of these records for only \$2.86. Just mail the postpaid application card provided in exchange...

You agree to buy just ten records [at the regular Club price] in the coming two years — and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Your own choice of records will be opened upon enrollment... and the records you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club price of \$4.98 or \$5.95 each, plus shipping and postage. (Multi-record sets are somewhat higher.)

You may cancel or repeat records as follows: thirty four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine which describes the regular selection for each month's interest... plus hundreds of alternate selections.

...if you do not want any record in any month, just return the selection card always provided by the date specified.

...if you want only the regular selection for your musical interest, you need do nothing — it will be shipped to you automatically.

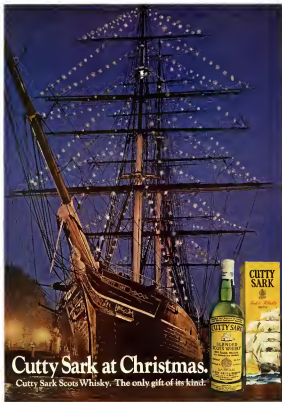
...if you want any of the other records offered, just order those on the selection card and return it by the date specified.

...and from time to time we will offer some special albums which you may select by returning the special detail form provided... or cancel by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for our Records Plus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to get one record of your choice free (only 25¢ for processing and postage) for every one you buy thereafter. Ask now!

Columbia Record Club
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A festive advertisement for Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky. The background features a large, multi-masted sailing ship, the Cutty Sark, illuminated with warm lights against a dark blue night sky. In the foreground, a bottle of Cutty Sark Highland Malt Scotch Whisky stands next to its yellow and white gift box. The gift box has the brand name 'CUTTY SARK' and a small illustration of the ship. The text 'Cutty Sark at Christmas.' is prominently displayed in a white serif font, with 'Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky. The only gift of its kind.' written below it in a smaller font.

Cutty Sark at Christmas.
Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky. The only gift of its kind.

A black and white portrait of a woman with long, wavy hair, looking down thoughtfully. The image is soft and artistic, with a focus on her facial features and hair texture. The text 'Want her to be even more of a woman? Touch her with Emeraude this Christmas.' is centered in the lower half of the image in a clean, sans-serif font.

Want her to be even more of a woman?
Touch her with Emeraude this Christmas.

A small, rectangular glass bottle of Emeraude perfume by Coty. The bottle has a simple, elegant design with a silver-colored cap. The brand name 'EMERAUDE' and 'COTY' are visible on the bottle. The background is dark, making the bottle stand out.

Emeraude by Coty

HOLLYWOOD

PETER BOGDANOVICH

One afternoon a couple of years ago, Orson Welles and I got just a little drunk in a restaurant here near Chippewa, Madison, where he was taking a break from his writing about him and his films. Now, Orson doesn't relax talking about himself, and especially not about his famous *Edna* picture that is not as cooperative. So to ease the pain, he had a few drinks. (Actually, let me make it clear, Orson doesn't get drunk—he only becomes more eloquent, just a little more vividly, and sounds more reasonably than usual.)

I had told him the evening before how difficult it was for many of the older directors we both admired to get a job. That was nothing new, really. The movie business has always been tough as its old man Griffith, who accused it of, didn't make a film the last seven years of his life and he was seventy-three when he became fatally ill at the old Knechtelbacher Hotel in Hollywood a town that might never have existed without him. Washed up at fifty-and-though what it was like those seven years—never more anyone made saving him an incredible debt impossible without him. They said he was out of touch, isolated, over the hill, senile. If you have seen the last two pictures he made, *Alexander's Weekly* (1980) and *The Struggle* (1981), you will not believe that. They are sensitive and filled with his unmistakable personality. They were in no way "with it," however, and they were not successful. Especially not *The Struggle*. But was there an anxiety in the Thirties and Forties to finance the bourgeoisie at the moment's greatest Vampires? When one thinks of all the forgotten talent buried in those years—or say just—let alone those

I knew Josef von Sternberg a little; it was impossible to know him well, because he seemed very tight in his private life—and was all in his work. One afternoon we had, though, lunch at a little dinner and meeting, I was coming along about some trouble I was having with a producer, and he advised me only half-jokingly to always say yes to anything the producer suggested, and so I had to compliment the man on his wisdom and intelligence I laughed, saying I was curious he had been behind that way. He said, "Don't take me as an example of success."

"But you had great success," I said. "Yes—" he said this without inflection—then there were a few papers after that. When I said that two or three years ago, it was after his own years of adversity.

After lunch in eight-and-a-half hours a picture made a picture made. I thought I knew he has been capable of it. King Vidor has not been employed for twelve

years. I remember hearing once that he was summoned to direct a Western and the star, I think it was James Coburn, wasn't even the old Silver Screen to do that. And only made *Dead* in the Sun and *It's a Wonderful Life* and *The Picture Palace* and the original *Full of Life*. John Ford, now seventy-one, made his last film in 1980. Ronald Walsh "retired" two years before that. In a new magazine eight-years back he said Ford gives them they don't want to work anymore. But I suspect part in speaking there, at least partially. Making pictures is, like any other situation, something you don't get over.

Three years ago, Joan Rivers was trying to put together a deal in France—this evening in old age is not just a picture to American and he was having trouble. François Truffaut promised the producers that should nothing make it impossible for Rivers to finish the picture, Truffaut would provide it for them for nothing. No one. The deal was never made. If Rivers once told me the story of the picture he wanted to make:



It would have made a great movie—perhaps his best. Before me. He said he would make a movie of it. And he did that once—with *The Americans* of Captain George—a beautiful book.

Anyway, I had given Orson a similar problem and had one that he was doing it. The next day—or were in the bar now—he brought up the subject again. "You told me last night about all these old directors whose people in Hollywood say are 'over the hill' and it made me so sick I couldn't sleep. I started thinking about all those comedians—Klinghoffer, Bickner, Gussard—I am never about a hundred in the last century—who were at the height of their powers after seventy-five. And were conducting it right. Who says they're over the hill?"

The writer came over but Orson would have away.

"It's so awful," he said. "I think it's just terrible what happens in old people. But the public isn't interested in that—never has been. That's why I am always been a pity people here."

"You said the Latin became really?"

"He became really for giving people away. The only thing that keeps people

alive in their old age is power. And a king in a conductor is a director who goes on as long as there's no physical breakdown. And now with the new advances in medicine, in ten or fifteen years, you can go on indefinitely till you're a hundred twenty. But only the idea is people's minds that will stop them. But life goes away from us gradually as Chaucer in *The Book of the City of Man* or the story of those old men who run the world in this world that belongs only to young people—and you'll see a looking, different picture."

There was a long pause. I thought of how easy it was now for young men to get a job directing. In fact, I'd not so far fortunately that after *Kenner* River, the simplest way to get to know a picture was never to have made one.

"And there are those great directors," Orson went on, "all ready with their best work ahead of them. Really these best, I believe that Ford today, given a script a little better than anything he's ever done—something more of his—would give us better pictures

—B.B.

than he has ever made. Because it's easy to run around and in your situation to work. The money of society in the middle class, and the money of life in middle age. Youth and old age are the great things—and we can't measure old age and give people the opportunity to live in old age—and not need them away... And, it's just terrible when I think of it."

There was nothing we could do about it, of course, and perhaps there is nothing any of us can do about it. Making movies is not a matter of impressive art, like writing or painting—or one shape pictures or novels when they reach a certain age. A few directors, with good luck or good connections, continue to work well into their seventh decade—Welles and Hawks come to mind—but they are extremely exceptions. Orson got to breeding that he had another fifteen years, perhaps before they'd dug him out to pasture—and I thought, well, at the ever-increasing rate we see things, I'd go to my grave to go myself. Orson of his last made his talking by then, as we had another drink. ■



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Perfume from 8.50, Eau de Chanel from 7.90, Cologne from 4.00, Perfume and Cologne Sprays 6.00.

When the thought is genuine,
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Dewar's "White Label"

They say there are a thousand ways
to make Scotch whisky. They say

There's a little corner of the world
that doesn't agree. It's the town of
Perth, on the banks of Scotland's
River Tay. That's where they make
Dewar's "White Label."

The ones of Perth will tell you that
authentic Scotch whisky has to be
made where the air is mild and pure,



and the water is mild. And that is the
air and taste of Perth.

They will tell you that authentic
Scotch whisky comes only when fine
single whiskies are brought from the
hills and glens of Scotland and al-
lowed to sleep like babies in their own
song to be the dry of full maturity.
And that is the way of Dewar's.

They will tell
you how each
whisky, in its own
good time, is
brought to the
Maison Blanche
himself, who
works at his
glens. "Perth" is
really it again
— and takes a long deep breath to
compare its bouquet with thousands
he has known before.



OR wrapped in its own coat

Does he remember them all? It is
said that he does.

Small wonder that the good
old-fashioned Scotch of Perth shows a
bit of homey warmth when served,
wines to tell them there are a thou-
sand ways to make authentic
Scotch whisky.

Small wonder they consider
Dewar's "White Label"
the authentic Scotch of today.
And want you to know it.

Authentic.
Dewar's never varies.



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SCOTCH WHISKY 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF)

BOOKS MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

The fuss about the publication
of the Pentagon Papers in
the *New York Times*, with
the *Washington Post* voluntarily
in the column, reached an author
discovery area on the side of the
Atlantic. We understood that a lot
of people were very kind and angry, but
it was difficult to understand precisely
what about, since only brief and some-
what lurid extracts from the Papers
themselves were printed, at any rate in
the publications I see. So I turned with
some interest to the book version
brought out by the *Times* (The *Pentagon Papers*, by Gerald R. Stein,
1971), containing, the dust jacket told me,
the full text as published in successive
issues, between June 11 and July 5, with
a fifty-day gap while the courts
made up their minds about the constitu-
tional order applied for by the U.S. Gov-
ernment. My expectations were further
shocked by the subtitle: "The Secret
History of the Vietnam War."

Let me say at once that these expec-
tations were in no way refuted. I found
the Papers tedious, banal, and only
"secret" in the sense that no govern-
ment with any intelligence publishes its
contingency plans and deliberations. In
the 1950-60 wars, for instance, be-
cause how many different projects and
strategies were worked out by the Gen-
eral Staff, most of them so ill-advised
in conception as they would almost
have been disastrous in execution if
some high-minded staff officer had felt
bound to bring over this material to a
senior staff, whose high-minded officer
had likewise felt bound to publish a
feasible change would have been
issued directly as the Allied cause,
and great men had not given to our
country. Churchill, incidentally, was
particularly fertile in drawing up
defense enterprises for winning the war
quickly, and carried on a disquieting
correspondence with Roosevelt before he
became Prime Minister when, if it had
appeared in the columns of the *New*
York Times, would have called the
heart of every nationalist Senator on
Capitol Hill.

How many readers of the *New York*
Times—who must in any case be
readers for purposes of actually reading
the Pentagon Papers as they appeared
only in a matter of importance. I should
have thought very few, and in support
of the contention, we must remember
the result of a public-opinion poll showing
that, despite all the legal stalling and
court and social and legal in the media,
the citizenry seemed singularly un-
willing to believe the information given
and editorial writers who are and all
summed them that the Papers clearly
showed how two-faced American policy
had been throughout, and how per-
ficiously unscrupulous American Presidents
had been by comparison with that pillar

of rectitude and honesty, Ho Chi
Minh.

What the Papers tell us, so far as I
have been able to ascertain, is that the
policies in which they are involved (a
kind of Indian war) were effective,
I should have thought, than any rule,
in that the United States inflicted more
the Vietnam war, without any
clear notion of what was involved, that
the conduct of the war by the various
Administrations concerned has been
honest and well-meaning, that involve-
ment, once accepted, has tended to con-
sist in the part that the war could
endure, without any apparent
consequent vast expenditure of money,
loss of life and partial demoralization
of the Armed Forces engaged has
been virtually trouble in America, and
confusion in the Western alliance, with
out in any way advancing the cause of
freedom which was supposed to be at
stake. In other words, that the whole
war has been a fiasco, reflecting credit
on no one.

All this has long been obvious enough.



and I can say in all honesty as an au-
thor that the Papers do not show
anything of any importance that I did
not know before. Why, then, all the
commotion? Doubtless because of the
curious manner in which they reached
the *New York Times* and their dis-
cussing presentation in its columns.
By the time the Supreme Court had
pronounced in favor of publication,
Time magazine was ready with an ad-
mirable cover picture of Daniel Ellsberg,
the allegedly released the Papers to
the press in the first place, and who
thereafter joined Ellsberg, Cassius
Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Angela
Davis, Jerry Rubin, et al., as a hero of
our time. As for the stated prescrip-
tion, here are three examples: 1. That
the Ho Chi Minh's struggle for help to
the United States Government against
French imperialism, most notably
imperialism being that, if help had been
forthcoming, it would have set up a
regime more or less sympathetic to
American interests, and the few
refugees from North to South Vietnam
after the Geneva Agreement was done

to the maintenance of Colonel Lan-
dau, an American intelligence officer,
rather than to a desire on the part of
the United States to bring about a
new regime. And (2) that if there had
not been a desire on the part of South
Vietnam in accordance with the terms of
the Geneva Agreement, the conflict here
been ended on the 10th of March in the
North.

Propositions such as these are so non-
sensical that one wonders why a com-
munist paper like the *New York Times* should
choose to give them currency. A similar
strain of fiction prevails in the coun-
try, where Ellsberg was apparently
highly interested in NBC television
without ever being asked whether he
thought it was permissible to disclose
the contents of state documents whose
secrecy had been taken on oath to pre-
serve. The question would have been
preliminarily apposite in the light of
the case of Elmer Davis, an atomic sci-
entist who, some twenty years ago, pre-
sumably for the same sort of reasons
that impelled Ellsberg, handed over to
a communist newspaper the atomic data
he had acquired during his residence in the
West as a refugee from Nazi persecu-
tion. Davis had not yet appeared as a
witness, only expecting
that, by the Labor Government's
next of the instant, there will be a glimpse
to him in Westminster Abbey.

It is not surprising, however, that
should arise of a newspaper in saving
the media and papers like the *New*
York Times and the *Washington Post*
into a position of favoring the
Vietnam Vice-President Agnew has
voiced the free time to time very freely
on Vietnam here a vociferous, and I
should say, a very genuine, movement
of opinion which regards the B.C.C. as
being highly unduly by adventures,
and demands countermeasures. A state-
ment of opinion in the *New York Times*
and, more, about American policy
towards by Joseph Kasser in his *The Left-
Leaning Astronaut* (Arlington, House,
1970), I suspect, having resulted in in-
crease from the days when it catered
to only a small proportion of the popu-
lation, an inclination to be somewhat
about the situation of the situation
would have been deliberately or uncon-
sciously summarized. It reflects, I think,
not so much a conspiracy as a clash
of wills, at the least, the basic human
instinct is a longing to be comfortable
and satisfied. Hence, the human in-
stinctiveness that the chief impulse to
advance this double-faced cause, not from
the poor and oppressed, but from the
privileged and the rich, from the bene-
factors, not the victims of capitalist
exploitation.

By the same token, it is not the re-
sources and courage and popular fol-
lowing of the Vietnam which are re-
sponsible for the American involvement and
the loss of American lives in Vietnam,
and therefore the ending of American domi-

FICTION
WAYNE CARVER

[illegible][illegible]

Someday I will have some space somewhere and try to go into just why our preference seems to be for "putting something down" rather than the "shaping an experience." But not now.

I was thrilled into such ecstasies as I am capable of about the uses of sex in literature by reading the latest month of two very fine writers whose skill at shaping attention is a profound pleasure to observe—and it ought to be, but probably won't be, satisfactory I am sure. I have read Pines and I have read John Becker. There is a great plenty of sex in their works, but it is used unobtrusively and with restraint, so that every sexual act gives substance to the whole informing vision of the novel. One of the broadsides I have with the novel of random and sexual coupling is that one recovers from these "episodes" the sense of an impending cosmic disaster.

It is especially pleasing to see Robert Penn Warren—whom Allen Tate calls

the most gifted, proven I have ever known," continues to write fiction as he enters the next suburbs of old age. Now, at 80, he is having a splendidly prolific period. In the past two years he has published critical columns (with long, eloquent introductory essays) of poets by Milford and Whittier, as well as a book of essays on the American Donor (*Alms for the Thieving Diogenes*), examining the best evidence since writers about these great bagmen remember that Diogenes haired into the world but ran into light. And now we have *Alms*! He is the Great Gabe (Gaudium House, \$12), a man of 80 who has all Warren's charm and wit. I think we should be glad to have both.

Warner's plots are always complicated, and his manuscript notes sent to him from Henry James as diagramming the relationships in *The Day of the World*, trying to connect them with meaning he lost at the time graduate students got their heads between job interviews. But for now it is enough to remember that here again is *Gaily Blown*.

[illegible]

Life has gone away from previously
enjoyed in Seward Valley, Texas.

she, a Mexican, arrived again in 1956. Then, in Maricao, Argentina, Peronists arrived from Olinda where he has been in trouble. He moves in with middle-aged Cassio, who for twelve years has been caring for the funkhouse body of her husband, Vander Spetsoff, laid low by a stroke. Cassio and Angela become lovers, but Cassio's wife, a nurse, is too good for him. So, in a twist, Angela becomes a dating and stepping stone when Cassio's mistress, a transvestite Cassio, "Are you just leaving, too?" she asks him after making love. "Gone, then," he finally says. But then Angela is making love to Cassio's, Franco's daughter, by his side. "I'm not leaving," she says of her marriage to Cassio. But only now, transcended by love.

Cassie does not care. She helps Angelo with Charlene and then, after at least 100 her own desires, kills Sandro with Angelo's knife. Angelo is arrested, convicted, executed, despite Cassie's confession. Cassie ends her days in an asylum, cold, strange—and probably mad.

It all smells pretty weird, and a critic with a mean mouth could have a lot of mean fun with both the substance and the manner ("Drug Store Gals" Waldo Douglas called Warren's style "stare-see. It hasn't changed a whit"). But in capturing the effects of such a simple but rare thing as the coming of late into middle life, Warren has a way of leaving out, at least, info that's out and out of shaping. Almost. For all the characters who live like the ones in Camus' *Le Peste*, few of them are as much as they appear to be. They are people who, in the end, are trying to understand their morality. They are trying to understand, a knowledge that can be learned, healing, as deadly.

[illegible]

that would be enough, that would be
better, namely to be in a world where

Bob Griese wears The Traveller knit suit from Sears, because whoever heard of a wrinkled Dolphin.

Bob Green, Miami Dolphin quarterback, likes comfortable easy-to-care-for clothes, which is why he likes

The Traveller You see, being a knifaut, The Traveller hardly ever wrinkles. And when it does, shaking itself and hanging it up for a while gets rid of the wrinkles. The comfortable part is the way The Traveller stretches slightly, then bounces back to its original shape. The Traveller The sail that was packed and unpacked 12 times in 18 days and never needed pressing. See it at The Traveller Knif Shop at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores. Look up Web Traveler in yellow pages.

around polyester and in all sorts of styles, colors and patterns.

CHARLES FOR THE U.S. CLIMATE TEAM



A man in a grey suit and tie, holding a dark briefcase in his right hand. He is standing against a plain white background.

1



2000/01/01 00:00:00

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**This year,
give a little tenderness.**

Bombay
The gentle gin,
imported
from England.



people, each walking in his dress, looked up at you from within the individual glass, and smiled at you, perhaps wistfully."

Cyrd, the fastidious survivor of John Banville's novel *The Blood of Others* (New Directions, \$8.00), also has a vision of the world as it should be, at least as it should be lived. Cyrd of the "singing phillies," "the sex singers" whose music is "sex singing," the connoisseur of "aesthetic patterns," the creator of "love" and "hugs," the organizer of sexually aesthetic games on the road or in the prison after—Cyrd even thinks he lives in that Place. He tells Eileen, his wife: "We're in Eileen Lake still." "I like you, baby. You," she says.

And so for the brief season of this novel, we are in Eileen and as such up Eileen of *Terrible Night*, where we are in the land of music and love in aesthetically pleasing confessions among four (well, three) consenting adults, where poets and old shopkeepers and young shopkeepers and bearded figures cranking strange sounds from the background for an obscure but occasionally brilliant parade of consciousness while wrapping. Hark, the other two, will have none of it, though he is paired with a willing Eileen, and his wife is paired with Cyrd. When he finally makes the pattern right by making love to Eileen, he hangs himself the next day among his collection of photographs of pressed flowers in small pages. "At least he won't be trying to kill himself," Cyrd says over the dead body with rose petals scattered on the wall. Cyrd is far too sane to go around doing this, a vice he had earlier identified with Hugh's "sensationless escape into reality." A woman would bring "pleasure" to Eileen. Therefore, there was none.

When the story is over—and the novel begins while the story is over—there has been some sex with Catherine and Hugh's three children. Cyrd lives alone in his villa with his impossible sense of himself as a "small white porcelain bird" but in a corner of Eileen's laboratory and with a maid whom he tries to "discuss with words she does not understand." Catherine agrees to be silent and, being in a satisfactory position, Cyrd visits her each week. By the end, she has married and appears to have developed a fondness for religion. She is Cyrd's "dark mistress," and the selling of "Lost Darlings" novel is accidental fun. Like the Duke of Vermeil, Cyrd persists over the greatest of evils with a studied, self-conscious and self-perpetuating aestheticism.

This aestheticism is in the style of Cyrd's marriage, and the style is one of the great problems of this important book. Susan Sontag has given highly praise to John Banville. But he is, nevertheless, a writer of extraordinary power, and here the dominance of Cyrd is excessive in made that sharp, precise, and accurately elongated into eleven phrases that are a joy to decipher. It is in it a delicate, supply of VO-2 had been put into a simple table and pressed through a window. Because he has written (this novel on page 126)

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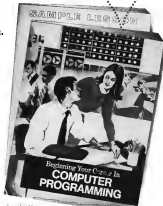
Newcomers begin at good pay and with experience there are many opportunities for advancement and ready fine earnings. Employers consider education and a logical mind, as well as prior job background (if we have any in a related field) when hiring trainees. Once started, it's up to you. Programmers are employed in many types of business—in banks, offices, department stores, manufacturing.

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GIVE UP! GIVE UP!

Following are the answers to last month's quiz on the Boston Olympics: are still busy grading papers—owners of Official Empire Soffball Shorts (yes, the name and Candy (happy women) will be mailed by mail. To all losers, tough luck! Sessions of the judges are final, void in states where prohibited.

- [illegible]

30. Technically, James Earl Ray was not confessed to the murder of Martin Luther King. He once pled guilty but retracted the plea a few days later, claiming he had done so under duress.

- 39 a Phyllis Blake and E. Ryan O'Neal.
 They are all, at first, Leonard
 Weintraub, assistant to William
 Kattner in the Chicago T-7 con-
 sidered Hoffman called Mr. Wein-
 traub a variety of names.
 41 Refuses
 42 True magazine.
 43 Dr. Allen Guttmacher
 44 "The surface in fine and powdery."
 45 Art Laskerstein.
 46 Billy, Wyatt (or) Captain Amer-
 47 Joe, Guthrie & Alexander.
 48 Marietta Tru.
 49 a "Thousand Years & More Amer-
 50 ica" by C. C. Cummings; a "The
 51 Beatles, a Thrilling Story" by Rich-
 52 ard Lester; a "London & Johnson,
 53 a History of the World" by William
 54 Kattner; a "Gothic" by John P.
 55 Kennedy (Chatterbox).
 56 The Beatles
 57 a "The Beatles"
 58 She craned neck back with them.
 59 Look
 60 Katherine Graham
 61 a "Greatest Show on the Earth—The
 62 Beatles" by Richard Lester; a "The
 63 Beatles, a Thrilling Story" by Rich-
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 254 Kennedy (Chatterbox).
 255 a "The Beatles"
 256 She craned neck back with them.
 257 Look
 258 Katherine Graham
 259 a "Greatest Show on the Earth—The
 260 Beatles" by Richard Lester; a "The
 261 Beatles, a Thrilling Story" by Rich-
 262 ard Lester; a "London & Johnson,
 263 a History of the World" by William
 264 Kattner; a "Gothic" by John P.
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 294 Beatles, a Thrilling Story" by Rich-
 295 ard Lester; a "London & Johnson,
 296 a History of the World" by William
 297 Kattner; a "Gothic" by John P.

Answers to the Woodstock Battle

1. Woodstock Music and Art Fair.
2. Bethel, Max Tager's
3. The Hog Farm.
4. a, e, k, i
5. Jesse Rues, *He Shall Overcome*.
6. Two, three.
7. Red and
8. e.

Answers to the visual questions:

Page 147: Kibbidge Cleaver never had a poem in the States; Jack Ruby is shown shooting the wrong man.
 Pages 158, 151: Khrushchev never made it to Disneyland on his visit to the U. S.—and he came in 1960, not during the Sputnik; it was L.B.J., not R.M.N., who lifted his dog by the ears, Lin Yucheng played Chopin, not Debuss; Reynolds; Ethel Kennedy pushed Schickelinger into the pool.

Metamology Quiz

Left to right, top row: Dave Ashmore, Big Daddy Lipscomb, Leonard Bernstein, Virgil Gissman, Douglas MacArthur, Nat King Cole. Bottom row: Albert Schweitzer, James Dean, Albert Huxley, Robert Frost, Lenny Bruce, Alfred Hitchcock, Bernstein, Hitchcock are living; Dean died in the Fifties. Ashmore in the Seventies. The others in the Sixties.

Magical Mystery Guests

Shandberg: death director
Shawbarker: Kennedy character
Shack: B.B. leader
Shaw: actor in Oswald
Christensen: Bunker
Sherritt: Mr. Broadway
Tatum: head, Central Committee for
Shaw: Mississippi rights leader
Shawhan: actor
Shaw: Greek: British diplomat
Shaw: Atlanta mayor
Shaw: conservative
Shaw: B.B. role
Shaw: semi-circular separator
Shaw: Bunker
Shaw: Boston paper
Shaw: ex-footballer
Shaw: played Twain
Shaw: B.B. character
Shaw: New Hampshire
McDonald: actress
Wines: writings
Shaw: Cleveland mayor
Shaw: journalist
Shaw: Kraft spokesman
Lavin: Rosemary's Baby
Shaw: British postcard-order
Shaw: film singer
Shaw: great grand
Shaw: Van-Van: was doctor
Shaw: actress in musical
Shaw: Canadian film singer
Shaw: group through
Shaw: member of Green, Bunker
Shaw: Social Freedom League
Shaw: model for James
Shaw: etc of New
Shaw: B.B. role
Shaw: communications scientist

A moving gift for men on the move.
Give-n'-Take
Slacks from Sears.

these bending and stretching are such a big part of a man's life, we figure (Give it Up). Take (Shake) ought to be a big part of the wardrobe. You see, they're made to bend and stretch.

because they're made from a stretchable blend of Terylene® polyester, Ray® rayon and Lycra® spandex. Perma-Prest® Glee in "Tide Shrink" from Sears, is striped and sells colors in Tide in Tide, Trim Regular and Pull Out. And in most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores or through the Catalog. Oh yes: being Sears stores, they're priced so they can be a big part of a man's wardrobe without being a big part of anybody's budget. And that's money, too.

 UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS



Step 4: Add the
quantity of
oil and fasteners
provided at
this station to

Sears *The Men's Store*

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A collection of seven numbered winter drinks: 1. Cinnamon Apple Cider, 2. Spiced Apple Cider, 3. Citrus Cider, 4. Irish Cream Liqueur, 5. Hot Chocolate, 6. Vanilla Cider, 7. Spiced Apple Cider with Cinnamon Sticks.

And rum is one of the very few beverages that warms you when you are cold, just as it cools you when you are warm.

Not Here Today
I am leaving on my death

Because the people who make them must age them according to strict standards.

For Thanksgiving punch and

THE RUINS OF PUERTO RICO

© 1994 Cummins are a subsidiary of Cummins, Inc.

2 Day, Active
with food and water

9 Thanksgiving Punch

Stu Together in

3 Hot Rum and Cider

It is published

A Cogli Puntini Rossi

4. Pear III et.

5 Egg Nip

1998

Speed Shaper: Use 2 qt. cream
from your shag, add 21 cc. raw

6 The end Army

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FBI/DOJ

7 Not Disturbed Area

Chromosome 1 copy
with a normal band on the

Alpha maps lead to gamma fibrations (Matiyasevich, 1980).

The good-natured gift Imperial



We dressed up Imperial for holiday gift-giving. But save some for your guests. Our good-natured whiskey mixes well. In any drink. For any occasion.

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Wells: Beach leader
Coffin: Yoko's stepson
Roni: original Beebe
Zerkow: L.B.J. aide
Boni: other half of Cher
Trev: retired admiral
Cassini: columnist
Holler: Roosevelt Demom
Adler: songwriter
Sedwick: party supervisor
Parker: Martin's pressman
Bumblitz: N.C. bookbinder
Korman: impersonalist
Gutfield: self-endowed Wall Street
Osway: Detroit Congressman
Lemon: disco rights writer
Sapiano: aka/Sissy Sales
Tobi: Vietnam vet
Vicki: George's first wife
McLain: pitcher
Lilly: talks to dolphins
Meyer: public-health spokesman
Kirk: Florida governor
Kobus: ranchman
Medawar: America's Cup racer
Keweenaw: played Ben Chon
Southern: scientist
Shoham: humorist
Ashley: FBI assassin
Parker: ballerina
Cox: theodolite
Polanka: Miami Vice Duane's partner
Almer: French actress
Buckwell: U.S. Navy leader
Powers: W.A.S.A. memo
Rohls: Johnson ra-lin
Dan: talk-show
Gandy: Midwest chief
Kort: graphics designer
Johansen: in-car driver
Witten: double-belly scientist
Yuan: Seattle guru
Grupe: robot priest
Ashman: Southern singer
Alligrove: Stalin's daughter
Laffley: retired A.P. general
Pivinsky: former CBS News chief
Noldeck: Wright-Watcher
Shank: Chicago union warlord
Maudlin: former soapstar
Guttenberg: FBI pop-cult critic
Ragrade: Miami J.R.K. assassin
Finn: football hero
Kish: Columbia president
Miller: draft-card burner
Rader: Green Beret draft-card burner
Berchberg: Notre Dame president
Griffith: backup dancer
McGill: Atlanta columnist
Coppolino: accused smotherologist
Vita: Bronx knif
Bucknell coach
Poli: Vietnam congressman
Whicker: Joint Chiefs chief
Webb: W.A.S.A. chief
Kusiel: California Senator
Marvin: ex-FBI per a judge
Casson: Tonight Show
Ravry: spokesman host
de Tolosa: Miami sociographer
Kirklin: up-dressed scientist
Fancy: singer, actress
Rels: Naked physicist
Bumtrel: liquor magnate
Walt: retired general
Hush: notes in L.B.J. '60s
Bishop: journalist
Darcy: political scientist
Martin: pretender Brazilian
Richards: Who's the spokesman
Chick: Goot race driver



The quiet revolution.

So quiet, you can barely hear it.

That's the quiet news behind the new Kodak Carousel H slide projector. So quiet, they don't intrude on the show. Don't interfere with your comments about your slides. Quiet pleasure all the way.

Where does all the quiet come from? From a new, more efficient quartz-halogen lamp. So the cooling fan can run slower. Quieter. And, of course, the projector itself is as dependable as gravity.

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Kodak

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DRY SACK

NEW YORK

Dennis: late football star
 Bradbury: of the Bradbys
 Koolhaas: late and eager
 Whitman: Texas state minister
 Schen: musician
 Geyer: R.F.K. aide
 Menz: B.C. naval historian
 Ben-Davies: Proforma model
 Blough: head of U.S. Steel
 Lovett: city planner
 Daniels: actress
 Wood: Humaine understudy
 Delapue: Tennessee leader
 Francis: J.F.K.'s doctor
 Papp: wedding hostess
 Grossman: Postmaster General
 Golson: Supreme Court case
 Kerr: *Phantom of the Opera*
 Franklin: *I, Mary to Cool* book
 Hilditch: Royal Corp. leader
 Mann: U.S. Senator
 Travers: Mar. of Perry, Ford, and
 Miller: British artist
 Swanson: actress
 Stevens: late actress
 Rip-A-Day: magazine dog
 O'Day: actress
 Powers: U.S. pilot
 Redding: A.R.G. official
 Munro: head of R.C.C.
 Tyler: Bobbi, Bob's secretary
 Wetherell: Philadelphia deli
 Lutz: plant lab
 McCormack: actress
 Auker: former CBS exec.
 Warner: J.F.K. aide
 Heller: musician
 McVicker: broken star
 Roman: foreman
 Richard: German head of state
 Cooke: Maharam of Britain
 Valley: Blue America
 Kappel: head of A.T.G.
 Haskins: British actress
 Curcio: scientist
 Prud'homme: French actress
 Harving: Fischer guest
 Allen: son of the Yanks
 Kohl: Olympic diver
 Cohen: Washington cleanup
 Delavigne: historian
 Alexander: actress
 Flanagan: Olympic shooter
 Yussell: last Miss Elizabeth (1961)
 Burch: Goldwater for President Com-
 mittee director
 Kistner: ocean expert
 Vaughn: actor
 Derren: Hollywood clothier
 Fisher: mother of presidents
 Tuckington: British actress
 Costello: N.Y. art dealer
 Sakols: departed pop
 Clark: Supreme Court Justice
 Hendrix: Japanese actress
 Spavetti: British actor
 Pusey: Harvard president
 Zerkowicz: consultant developer
 Gersbach: broken nothing suit
 Fry: Rochester doctor
 Hume & Kalkins: Philadelphia creators
 Kern: Berkeley musician
 Bonora: Argentine Sen.
 McDougall: Yankee infielder
 Reel: British actress
 River: historian
 Robinson: historian
 Pfeiffer: Cuban leader
 Hant: Dallas tycoon

(Continued on page 112)

Buy a stereo system with your ears, not your ego.

We'll be the first to admit that the stereo-experts in your crowd won't exactly be overwhelmed when you tell them you bought a Sony compact stereo system. For one thing, our compact systems don't cost a small fortune. For another, they're complete systems. Not separate components you have to worry about hooking up.

But if you can face life without a living room full of wires, switches and buttons, then one of our compact stereos is probably just what you're looking for. Because the fact is, they happen to sound as good as some other stereos that cost a lot more.

You see, being Sony we have an advantage. Since we make all our intricate parts, we have more control over the quality of our stereos than those other manufacturers who don't. On top of that, we've been putting stereos together long enough to know how to do it right.



HP-210

And while that may sound like an easy thing for us to say, it's also an easy thing for you to check.

Just listen to a Sony compact for yourself.

There's a whole line of them. From a basic turntable-FM/AM receiver-speaker combination, to very sophisticated models with



HP-S10

built-in cassette recorders. They're all good values for the money. They're exceptionally reliable. And as you can see from the picture, they're even good-looking.

So the next time you're in a store where they're sold, try one out. And don't worry about your "The-only-good-stereo-is-a-complicated-stereo" friends.

If they're not impressed when they hear you bought a compact stereo, just let them hear the compact stereo you bought.

SONY



HP-S10

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Truth and the devil

I agree with A.J. Wilentz, "You are what you throw away." If someone comes across the November issue of *Esquire* in my trash can, please, oh please, have him read the poem. Well-aged Glenzorg by Alexander Lehmann-Kling—*and* he won't think he's badly off not for buying the November issue. **GRINCE, McGURK**
Orem, Calif.

Witchman is such a parasite. He discovered archaeology in 1911! They dig garbage too.
JAMES DYLAN GROSS
Providence, Mass.

Were A.J. Weberman to check no garbage today, he'd find a copy of the November *Kopire*. His own trash (apologies to Andy Warhol) plus Ed Sanders' article on Manson (Cherik and the Devil) qualify it eminently for the garbage heap.

On second thought, perhaps I'd best turn it, being unsure whether or not such "abuse inputs" might not wreck the whole city sanitation department.

JAMES PAUL HANSEN
San Francisco, Calif.

Endangered species

I am duly offended and angered by your *Frontier* feature on the *Costa* (*Now In The Frontier*) in the November issue of *Equinox*. Your Ep assertion that "this country's first non-validated source" indicates your lack of information and basic indifference to what ranges of validity that term encompasses. The data you cite from *Equinox*, having been veraciously eliminated at one time and only recently able to establish itself in any strength in a few North Pacific areas. Effects of Jacques Cousteau and others to inform people of the continued slaughter of these animals. The mid-ocean mammals apparently have been in vain.

DENNIS HELMAN

Edison's sons: According to the Science Club and World Wildlife Fund, some of the fish shown in November Fisheries were from very endangered species.

Clean in our time

For more than twenty years, I've made the Wisconsin restaurant and supper-club circuit for the Milwaukee Sentinel and have probably written more restaurant feature stories than most reporters anywhere. I was upset when I read "potentest" Roy Anderson de Groot's comments (The Milwaukee Press, November, 1976) with regard to one of the nation's finest and most popular restaurants, Pirochky's. I was shocked when I read that de Groot averred so much as visited the restaurant while in Milwaukee. Yet, he looked out at

Frenschy's with vindictive critical comment based solely on his examination of the menu in his [Plaza Hotel] room, his subjective desires, and hearsay from unidentified sources.

I own all *Esquire* readers stationed, after having visited Frenchy's hundreds of times, that it is by far one of the nation's most superb restaurants. If it weren't, Frenchy's wouldn't be busy every day of the week. It takes one hundred employees to service the crowds that pack Frenchy's restaurant from every point on the globe. Kitchens are continuously prepared to order by culinary specialists and not by steam-table smokers. The menu is one of the largest and most varied of any to be seen.

I can search for the "shout" at Fennell's school, or even then, one in

Does de Groot?
James Kirks is
Milwaukee, Wis.

Die kognitiven Voraussetzungen

I was overjoyed to see your edition of *Faloutsu Peak to the Porters* and especially to see reprints of the famous Perry Guide. You have whetted the appetite of your readers. Now that we live in a day when the Postmaster Gen-



cial doesn't give trouble on such matters, wouldn't it be a good idea to publish a complete soft-hearted book of all of George Feltz's last relations as they appeared in *Kosher*?

E. Dean Winters
El Paso, Tex.

As a Locomotive fan I would like to point out that the locomotive pictured in *Type of a Goods* (October) is a recent production of Model Products Corp. (which owns Lionel), rather than a true Lionel Toy Corp. engine of the period.

The number on the cab and Nickel Plate Road on the trailer give it away.
FRANK LOBY
Brookline, Mass.

2004-05-01



As a friend of Glavin's who has also written about her, though, I must report that no one who knows her would recognize her as the *Alte* of his article in the October issue. In addition to fan-tail escapades, the portrait is spiritually false. "Oppositionist" is not the word for Glavin.

I must also point out, as a feminist, theirkness of Levitt's harping on Gloria's appearance . . . And would you run an article by a woman against a man she envied and call it simply Ms?

If Gloria really does have the instant for the winning side Levitt describes, then maybe we'll really get a woman on the Supreme Court after all, because that was what she was seeking last

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Heavier than thou

overlooking what
want also call to re-

of the year and can only come up with 20 (*Esquire's* *Newsp* 99, October). Here are my nominations for a Heavy 11, to fill the gap: John Vanders, Stephen-well, Geor Gled, Roberto Flark, Richa Harris, Carlon Santana, Michael Wainfeld, Jeff Beck, George Harrison, Steve Winwood, Jane Wain.

Next year, if you have the same problem, please contact me soon enough so that you will not have to go to prison short.

ALLAN B. CHENOWETH
Past Chairman, EAC

Congratulations. You have shown great foresight and intense understanding of Richard Meltzer. Your

many fans is never very "easy" to see but you did find on Richard, Richard is much loved and respected not only by the underground but by real rock-and-roll stars. Overground never gives him what he deserves. He is the Blues Godfather of rock writers . . . a dirty

Apollinaire: Thank you again; I perhaps someday you'd know me too.
Farm SMITH
New York, N.Y.

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.

And the exclusive Micromate filter.



Cards'n Kent!



Onp: 17 mg, 1st
18 mg nicotine
tar: 19 mg, 1st
12 mg nicotine
tar per cigarette
av. per cigarette

RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

Probably the most prominent piece of music ever written—the one that forecast most exactly where composition was going to go in the decades ahead—in the slow movement of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* concerto. The piece's techniques required to play it are different from those demanded before, and to some were lost forever to what Schumann and Chopin would ask. Excruciatingly, the work is insurmountably complex, marking realism of craftsmanship that must have shown up in nearly everyone listening not only to Chopin's first quasi-private performance in 1818, but also to Liszt's first public performance in 1823—his shipmate in a prior life, *Faust*-like-chap, indeed! Myriad music, glowing, eventually coalescing, the *Kreutzer* has posed for a pattern of artists, and it is played to-day by most pianists as something similar the rest of Beethoven, more shipmate, less crucifixion.

Rudolf Serkin in his new Columbia recording of the *Kreutzer* makes—the most careful and intelligent sounding of any of the great recordings of this tradition has made in a number of years—has dropped away all the conventional and played the work as though on Beethoven's own piano, following the resources of tone and action available on later instruments, giving the piece a steady pulse in its first three parts that one expects and a force often submerged under surface beauties and surface adornments.

Serkin has been very busy in other things in recent years, running the Beethoven Festival and his school near his summer home, running the Curtis Institute, probably the most fully professional of American conservatories in Philadelphia. Recently, I suppose, he is today this country's first citizen to have come twice, though, that in the summer he has promised his playing to take several years. Any such concert is regarded as the first in the country's musical history, and a notoriously inopportune one. Columbia has caught a place none else drive this season, offering perhaps more of what Serkin has been playing, and instructions to play "some concerto," a period, more absolute which made the summer list only one of the several other concert series in each year. On all counts, a wonderful recording.

What with Virgil Thomson's seventieth birthday this year and Aaron Copland's seventieth last year, the question of what is viable in the new mature American musical tradition has come into somewhat different focus. There are no complementary figures, Copland (if one may be a little wrong), a poet of music, susceptible to successful belatedness, a poet of music, susceptible to the number of two aspects still being received a quarter of a century and more after

their composition and of a considerable number of truly wonderful songs, many of them based on themselves in the characteristic tradition of the ballad, country, and folk. But in this respect there was also a third figure, who came upon a line seemed at least as much as any other, now seventeen, was part of the tradition, author of a very large number of very serious poems combining sentimental sentiment and severe formal organization.

Beethoven was not played much these days, and it was with heart recently about how it has held up that this season went to The Philadelphia Orchestra's first New York concert of the season, which opened with the Beethoven *Kreutzer*, a work so popular when it was new that it had forte as its performance in 1823-41. As the Philadelphia played it—giving splendor to the members of the lower strings—the work held up very well indeed, especially handsome in its most used—about opening sections, and lively in rhythm of the American West in the middle section. Constructive when written, it offers no problems at all today even to understatement thinkers; and all the conductors and A.R.E. men who are looking about the lack of any superlative ought to take a look at it. Maybe it could be said an act of King Herod's Constant Max... I mean, with a clever name like that, how could it not?

Every so often there is an artist who is clearly the giant of his or her time, who nevertheless gets relatively little attention in the press, and there is always a reason. In the case of Frances Casella, unquestionably the most distinguished of American composers, the reason is simple: she speaks no English. (She recalls her triumphant Chicago debut in La Fenice, and the Chicago who asked her to sing, and said, in Italian, "Have you got the new review by Claudio Casella?" not Miss Casella and "No," and the colleague, astonished, "What?" and Miss Casella said, "I can't.") Be when she comes to America she lives at the opera house and in the hotel. Italian community, and both of these are pretty small worlds. Two had, too, the Miss Casella is one of the last of the real prize down, who makes any room a little more to hold her children, music, popular personality.

What Miss Casella starts with is a vast of enormous art, probably the largest music ever upon America's, with very nearly the double capacity of a Naxos. That she can sing louder than Joan Sutherland is something the dramatic should be a performance of her own in the Teatro Colón of Buenos Aires a couple of years ago, leading Miss Sutherland to swear she would never again appear onstage with Miss Casella. But at the Met last season Miss Casella was substituted to do two Adalgisas

to Miss Sutherland's *Nixie* the whole Sutherland House fulfilled absolute conditions, and the Met management, by asking it as a personal favor, got Miss Casella to sing. But in this respect there was also a third figure, who came upon a line seemed at least as much as any other, now seventeen, was part of the tradition, author of a very large number of very serious poems combining sentimental sentiment and severe formal organization.

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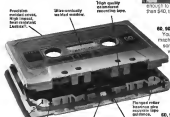
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The Canadian Lord Calvert bottle is so good-looking it's a shame to wrap it.



But we forced ourselves.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Peter Menzies is a poor American who graduated from Harvard with honors in English History and Literature in 1964, went to Harvard Medical School for two years, went to Cambridge University for two years doing English agency, drove from London to Afghanistan one summer and worked in a hospital there, returned to Harvard for graduate work in English for one year, and moved to London, where he lectures, studies and writes. Besides all that he is interested in and acquainted with R. D. Long, the British prohibitionist who made schizophrenia respectable with *The Politics of the Family* and other mysterious books, well received and much loved since by the medical community in this country. Naturally all this made Mr. Menzies the man to appeal to when Esquire felt the duty to tackle the Long phenomenon, and the result (*After David and Jon*, New Crown & D. Long, page 50) not only contains much, much material about Long that has not appeared elsewhere, but also gives us the best idea we have yet had of what the best was all about. Many have been called by the task of explaining Long in American journals, but few are Mr. Menzies. We are pleased.

Let me say very significant anniversary year away altogether unremembered, we note in passing that Martin Roper (*New Tabernacle News: Covers the World*, page 54), who also appears on page 53 as author of his regular wine column, has been reviewing research in these pages for twenty years. *New Tabernacle News: Covers the World* is excerpted from Mr. Roper's book *About Tabernacles* ("I'm calling it that so when people come into bookstores and ask for 'that book about tabernacles,' they'll get ours"), which will be published by Harper & Row in April. When Mr. Roper started writing some columns he was what he calls "basically a copy editor" here; now he is in good of carrying the second oldest monthly column in the magazine.

This month's alternate television report comes from Boulder Vancore, a man well known to anybody who has watched NBC News anytime from the Fall of 1951 to September last year. When Mr. Vancore left NBC he intended only to write the book of which *New the Media Reminded Me*, page 57, will eventually be a part, including a newspaper column, letters, and get away from TV. "Then," Mr. Vancore admits us, "a guy named Jim Karem who is associated with the Public Broadcasting Service came along and said that during the coming election year Public Broadcasting would try for

the first time to cover politics on a national basis." So by the time you read this Mr. Vancore will be back in the middle something from the National Public Affairs Center for Television in Washington, as well as writing on the book, as yet untitled.

Permanently this issue marks the first appearance in Esquire of Gabriel Garcia Marquez (*Chronicle of the Dead, Father of Miracles*, page 53) and the first appearance anywhere of David Gile (*Some Molecules*, page 56). Mr. Garcia Marquez is a native of Colombia, now living in Spain, and in perhaps best known in North America as the author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. *Chronicle* will be included in his collection *Love and Other Elements* to be published in February by Harper & Row. Mr. Gile lives in Lawrence, Kansas, where he says he used to work as a "social analyst" in a public-health laboratory. *Some Molecules* is an excerpt from his novel *Interference*, which will appear as a Knopf Peppy only this year. *Interference* we are back in the land of probability theory with *The Watch of Gas Vapors*, an excerpt from Jack Richardson's book on gambling and associated subjects, tentatively titled *A Gambler's World*, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 4



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ESQUIRE & BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS

Sixth Annual "Business in the Arts" Awards Competition

For the sixth consecutive year, ESQUIRE and the BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS will honor business corporations for their support of the nation's fine and performing arts. As in the past, awards will be made by an independent panel of distinguished judges to companies

whose 1971 projects—or whose consistent support of arts activities over a period of years—are deemed worthy of special commendation. By honoring these, it is hoped that corporations not yet involved with support of the arts will be encouraged to follow their lead. . . .

The 1971 Awards

At least 20 awards will be given in this year's "Business in the Arts" competition. Although the awards are intended to honor outstanding projects conducted primarily during 1971, equal consideration will be given to a company's support of the arts over a period of years which also continued in 1971.

In addition to the principal awards, honorable mention will be given to companies whose projects, though not selected as 1971 winners, are also considered worthy of commendation.

Totals in these categories will be increased to include any companies winning for a second (or more) time, though for programs for which they have not previously been honored.

Procedures for Entering

Arts projects submitted must be in the areas of painting, drawing, architecture, sculpture, poetry, music, dancing or dramatic art—broadly interpreted to include all expressions of these forms and including arts education.

Support must have come from a business corporation and not from any private individual, trade association or non-profit group (firms financed by business foundations which are normally supported by corporate funds and organized for the purpose of providing philanthropic support are eligible).

Panel of Judges

Judges of the sixth annual "Business in the Arts" Awards will include the following distinguished representatives of both business and the arts:

Clare Baxter, writer, critic and essayist, joined The New York Times as dance critic in 1968 and assumed the additional responsibility of drama critic for the week-day Times in 1967.

Barry Singham, Sr., Chairman of the board of The Commercial and Financial Times, winner of a 1969 "Business in the Arts" Award, has been a member of the Advisory Board for Pulitzer Prizes since 1956.

Arthur Brown has been director of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. since 1969. He both wrote and directed the award-winning film "The American Vision" which was nationally televised by ABC.

Ernie D. Cashman, editor-in-chief, The Christian Science Monitor, is one of the country's leading writers, radio commentators and public speakers. He is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

Lee Charnie, executive director of The Research Institute of America is a member of the country's Advisory Commission on International Education and Cultural Affairs. A prominent sculptor, he is a special adviser to the National Sculpture Society.

Edward Kennedy (Dale) Ellington, composer and arranger, performed in extended orchestral jazz compositions and solo. He was awarded the Medal of Freedom by President Nixon in 1968.

Joyce C. Hall, founder and now chairman of Hallmark Cards, Inc., winner of 1966 and 1970 "Business in the Arts" Awards, has received the French Legion of Honor for his art sponsorship. He is also a Commander of the French Empire.

R. Philip Hays, Jr., chairman, Hays, Day and Fenchberg, is vice chairman of the Associated Generalists of the Arts. Mr. Hays' corporation has received two "Business in the Arts" Awards—in 1969 and 1970.

Stanley Horcas, president of Neuma-Morales, winner of a 1967 "Business in the Arts" Award, is president of the Dallas Art Association and a director of the Dallas Symphony and the Dallas Theater Center.

A description of the business-supported project in the form of a letter not to exceed three typewritten pages must be submitted no later than February 15, 1972, and should include the following details:

- (i) the specific arts projects or activities in which the company has participated;
- (ii) the nature of the company's business, its mailing address, its chief executive officer (if chairman or president), and the degree to which it was actively involved in the arts project or activity;
- (iii) an assessment of the importance to the arts group receiving the company's support and/or the impact on the community of the company's participation.

Entries should be sent to:

Shelton Stone, Administrator
ESQUIRE-BCA "Business in the Arts" Awards
221 East 66th Street—4A
New York, New York 10021

No films, slides, tapes, displays or other supporting materials will be accepted and no materials can be returned.

Announcement of Winners

It is anticipated that winning companies will be notified by mid-May 1972. Public announcements, including details of the programs for which awards have been made, will appear in the July ESQUIRE.

Edwin Newman, NBC news correspondent and drama critic for WNBC-TV, has received a New York Emmy Award for his work as critical-late. In 1957 he received a Peabody Award for his contributions to "Emphasis" on NBC radio.

H. Bruce Palmer, formerly president of the National Industrial Conference Board, is currently president of the Council of Better Business Bureaus, Inc., as well as chairman of the Board for Fundamental Education.

Julius Rabin, soprano and symphony conductor, has been general director of the New York City Opera since 1967. He is also music director of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., the Carnegie Festival at Ketchikan, N.Y., and the Guilford City Festival.

Mrs. Joetta Shoultz, a trustee of the Kennedy Center, is the donor of the first National Park for the Performing Arts at Wolf Trap Farm, Va., and of Paine Center, a theater complex which opened at the park in July 1971.

Roger L. Stevens, chairman of the board of trustees of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, served as Special Assistant to the President on the Arts from 1964 to 1966 and was chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1954 to 1959.

Howard Taubman has been critical-at-large for The New York Times since 1968. A journalist and author, he has written numerous books on both music and drama.

Robert A. Ullrich, Jr., is chairman and president of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., winner of four "Business in the Arts" Awards—in 1966, 1967, 1968 and 1970.

George Weisman, president and chief operating officer of Philip Morris Incorporated, winner of a 1968 "Business in the Arts" Award, is a trustee of the Lincoln Center Fund and a member of the board of directors of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Peggy Wood has been a prominent figure in the international world since her stage debut in 1946. She is former president of the American National Theater and Academy and a founder of the American College Theatre Festival.

David L. Towch, vice chairman, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., a 1968 "Business in the Arts" Award winner, is a trustee of the Carnegie Hill Corporation and the Educational Broadcasting Corporation—Channel 13.



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We found the carpool map at recently beautiful Bend or Salem, Oregon.

A vintage color photograph of a young couple sitting on a boat. The woman is wearing a white dress and a straw hat, and the man is wearing a striped shirt and a straw hat. They are both smiling and looking at the camera. The background shows the boat's interior and a glimpse of the water.

The Parliament holder
It works like the old kind...
in a new kind of way.

A New York Literary Establishment
 before, an editor of compassing gifts, is
 said to have said something like this:
 that the publishing trade is overrun
 with a gang of Ivy League boys
 hustling to score their noses, that there are
 losers with no place else to go, and that
 the general amputee which cloaks the
 profession provides the mantle under
 which such shacks can succeed in con-
 cealing themselves from discovery—and
 get some pretty sharp French then

It is a spiritual system that allows for the inspired and the taught to have their way. And if it is so organized as also to give shelter to the uninspired and

I look and I look and I look, but the only significant change I see is the light-and-a-half-pounder who now lives in my house. Welcome, Atlanta Argentinian! May you change what awaits you more than it changes you.

As for the rest of the world, it's just the way it was last month, and that was the New York Economic

Indicated last—the which, according to my notes, continues to flourish despite paternal reports to the contrary. These whimsical business it is to market observations in the halls of where and in what quality these exerts power as lately saying no presidential power of a literary kind is to be found residing in the city of New York. The high confidence of such reports and the strong conviction with which they are delivered suggest that a fashion may be setting

For, otherwise, I do not know who else could be the one who has been so successful in convincing those people that they must not think that when it comes to the constraints of that power who are the old enemies for such thoughts in the first place. I am a member of the New York Literary Establishment in order to maintain the existing New York Literary Establishment, and thereby carry down the constraints of that power who are the old enemies. In any case, I hope nobody's picking himself all worked up over the recent obligatory solution for the common cause, concerning the New York Literary Establishment. I don't get me wrong! I don't see any reason about other matters of history power that also get things done and that are not the same as the New York Literary Establishment. I don't see any reason that the one in New York is larger and no longer than ever—and that the more there's talk about its death as democracy, the more its number increases.

[illegible]

I love the New York Literary Festival.

the maledroid, so much the better—since such politicians might otherwise continue to have themselves sworn as doctors and planners. Witness, for example, the conduct of the Presidency. Athens Augustus in 2003¹

[illegible]

Smooth the staff of the *Los Angeles Free Press*, disenchanted because founder-editor Art Kunkin sold the paper, made no effort to buy it, with Kunkin staying on as a contributor. But the new owner turned down the offer, and Kunkin kept to his desk, competently putting the paper out. The semiregular staff then assembled around to form their own paper, *The Staff*, and here we surrounded six months or less.

The Shannon-Dallas Hotel has a high-up restaurant called the Saigon Room. Quoting a brochure on it: "Orbital aphelios and apselios north this part of pleasure. Its fortunate inhabitants are surrounded by pure gold leaf, rose silica, fine crystal, and space-forbidden temple carvings. The striking sculptures of the East is well-represented here; note the porcelain dragon of rare wood. Pay particular heed to the handsome monkey god of Angkor Wat. Carhaden mythology is ramped with fantastic dragons, Aquatic pythons and subsea-

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together with other dream-bodged evens, could solidified for your company around the same fountain hole in "Rogue."

What does that do to your appetite?

My friend Sid is a shakedown, that is, he's survived in various street corners for over ten years with an insatiable appetite, etc., and he's still reasonably healthy. The way one gets to survive on the street, according to Sid, is to have "at least four eyes and three ears" and one inevitable result of all that extra squaggle is a lot of extra data. Of course, much of the data must be down-to-street, people street light—but some of it is interesting, and just like in a position to know what's around the corner. Sid says the "electronic leg" is around the corner.

"Street" are done," he told me one evening, as we pedaled the downtown streets. "Come, I'll show you." He led the way, past battered trash cans and other remnants of time, to a basement on East Seventh Street called "J.C.'s Happy Haven for Zip Heads." I looked dubiously around at the carpet of Zip T-shirts and velvet drapes, but Sid introduced me as: "The last room," he said.

There we found John Beach, proprietor of the store, and a large machine called a Tomson Alpha-Power. Beach demonstrated it. He lubricated Sid's scalp at several critical points with a cream which he called "electrode slat" (it turned out to be lard). Then he placed a strap studded with real electrodes on Sid's head, and Sid began twisting a knob and grinning. Soon he was chuckling, his eyes glazed with concentration. Then went on for ten minutes, then he stopped and started to stand up. Beach stepped forward and pushed him down again, then unfettered the straps. "Don't waste my the Power," he warned "Sherry," Sid said with a smile.

Beach explained that the little machine picks up the signals of your own "Alpha waves," those mysterious messages that occur during the thinking process. As an alpha wave rolls on across your neurons, the machine gives a little sleep and so you "think harder" you adjust the knob and the "Sleep" comes faster. Soon you are totally absorbed in seeing how hard you can think, i.e., how many Sleeps you can start in a given time, say thirty seconds. People who work at it can make the Sleeps come faster and smoother, and there is just one catch: you must. Five to ten minutes of this can sleep you.

Until Beach opened his Haven, the only way you could get to sleep with a Tomson Alpha-Power was to come for a course at a place called the Alpha-power Institute in California (Tollan, 2100), or send away and buy your own (for \$280). Beach says the Power can't hurt you because you don't expect anything, either. Beach admits, but it's not a good way to get into meditation, and "it's not good for everybody."

So far, Alpha sessions are only three bucks a lot.

—CHRISTOPHER



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Or the people who give it.



Seagram's V.O. For people who really know how to give.



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Esquire

ESQUIRE'S DUBIOUS ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS FOR 1971

In sharp contrast to the attitudes this magazine has adopted in the past, we are resolved, for once, to give the last twelve months with cheerful equanimity. Here goes: Henry Kissinger put us to bed at a time of a kind to cover Nixon's trip to China, James Bevel had his appendix out in a Peeking hospital, the Pentagon Papers gave our government lots to do, the L.B.J. library is the ugliest thing we ever saw, our boys in Vietnam are full of death-daring drags, Northern Ireland is burning down and it's everybody's fault, the Beatles have left Washington, Landis has left the Republican Party, and Muhammad Ali has been beaten in a fair fight. Got that? That's the sort of thing that used to make us rage and howl against human stupidity, because we believed—oh how earnestly!—that mankind could do better if it tried. We admit now—cheer-

fully, as speeded above—that mankind tries as hard as ever it can. Take, for example, the case of soap you see on this page. The soap concerns did their level best in their soap: striving, striving, striving, striving, striving mightily to bring the American public the most wholesome possible suds and industry could provide. And what happened? Poison soap. Industry couldn't see the way that the world is but a run of soap, and humanity is but a random selection of alphabet soules, washing and rinsing around in search of meaningful order. But we shall find no meaningful order; instead, we shall all end up in hot water. That's the lesson of history, by damn. And if that doesn't teach you cheerful equanimity, mankind, then you're even funnier than we took you for! In fact, you're nothing but a big bunch of stupid! So shut up and rub your soap!

WHO'S CATERING THE

RAFFISH CASE?
Police in Goshen, New York, threw a coffee-and-cake party for a man arrested for the 1968 tour of charges of being drunk and disorderly.

OUR BRAKES WHO ARE

IN HEAVEN?
A new anti-prayer service in Johannesburg, South Africa, has proved so successful in English that the prayer book is planning another one in Afrikaans.

RITZ RITZ HITS GRITS

We know there were some crackers back there, and Woody Allen, whose office was dedicated when right was all crackers till through the door at the South Carolina Statehouse, which is also a licensed talent shelter.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT,

WILLIAM HALL DRILLED 7 HOLES IN HIS HEAD WITH A POWER DRILL AND LIVED
William O. Hall of Sturton, Lancashire, England, killed himself by drilling eight holes in his head with a power drill.

WE SAY IT'S DOW-WOW

FLAP AND WE SAY THE BELL WITH IT
One New York newspaper of Jovell the Super-Duper Pump or Hooper for the post-knew what of dogs.



WORST NEW FLAVOR OF THE YEAR
Bon Vivant Vichyssoise

RANG, RANG, YOFFE

STUFF!
A twenty-three-year-old Ariana man shot himself in the leg while hunting, fired his gun to summon aid and shot himself in the other leg.

BETTER THAN WHO?

Three South African farmers who fired bells into the bellies of cows with a bicycle pump were charged with cruelty to animals. They did it "because we wanted to make them look better."

THIRD PRIZE IS A SOUTH AFRICAN PAPER AND A BICYCLE PUMP

First prize in the Man Zuma beauty contest was \$500 and a cow. Second prize was \$175 and a pig.

IT'S 10 P.M. DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR PIGEONS ARE?

30,000 housing pigeons were entered in the North West Federation of Pigeon Fanciers' annual race. 19,000 disappeared somewhere along the 150-mile course in Yorkshire, England.

WITCHED EXCESS

If the American bureaucracy continues to grow at its present rate, the Morgan Guaranty Shanty conducts that by the year 2000 everyone in the country will be working for the government.



OKAY, HURSTON, PICK, & CARO, ANY CARO
Apollo 14 astronaut Edgar Mitchell, who performed cosmic ESP tests during the mission, said such tests may eventually prove more important to man than space exploration itself.

THE HIGH COST OF HAVING REWARD HUNT AROUND TO KICK AROUND SOME MORE

It was reported last year that President Nixon's campaign committee in 1968 cost \$25-300,000—the highest cost prize since the Presidency.

GOLLY, YOU GOT TO CUT CORRUPT SOMEWHERE

Richard Nixon on Pat: "She is very strict about keeping the place clean. When you walk a rug of cotton on the floor, she is down there scrubbing it."



**TAKE A LITTLE OFF THE
FRONT, LEAVE THE
BACK LONG**
At Tennessee a brother in Austin, Iowa has expanded his contract to include leg shaving.

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I WONDER WHAT SHE REALLY MEANT BY THAT

Dr. Joyce Brothers asked a 6-year passenger on a transcontinental flight to communicate his wife: "I'll wait at your top if you don't," she said. When the plane landed, Dr. Brothers clamped on his foot, there a big fall of his tongue of her said, "I hope you're satisfied."

SO WHAT'S NEW IN SASKATOON?

In an effort to increase revenues, the Toronto parking authority is experimenting with plastic shields for parking meters to camouflage the remaining time. Tests show a 25% increase in parking violation revenues.

JESUS WEPT

Ulan, Violet will play Christ in a film version of The Last Supper. The brother disciples, also to be portrayed by women, include a pregnant bride, a prostitute, a nun, and a woman's life leader.

ON SHUT UP

After winning the Valentine's Day Sweetheart Award from the Houston Rotary Club, Marilyn McMillin called a hotel phone call to compare her 100-year-old daughter. When the doctor arrived, McMillin asked the FBI: "What kind of a sick did you get the character out of?" The doctor treated the hotel agency.

DOIT BOTHER US, WE GAVE AT THE OFFICE

Platinum Game of Monopoly spoke to the La Leche League on the virtues of breast feeding.

GET ME A RANIER

A crew assigned in Matsudo City, Japan, as citizens of jacking children and using her daughter "Lily." Why the usual "Lily" because we've got to be humble about this, said the singer.

GO DIRECTLY TO HELL

Students at Jackson College, California, set a new world record by playing Manos underwater for twelve hours.

MAY THE DROWNDY OF HAPPINESS FLY UP YOUR NOSE

Vendors in Astoria report that worry-laden sales have dropped off sharply in the past several years. According to Astoria Visual Club a veteran tells: "The Astoria has other things to do with their hands."



ON SHUT UP

After winning the Valentine's Day Sweetheart Award from the Houston Rotary Club, Marilyn McMillin called a hotel phone call to compare her 100-year-old daughter. When the doctor arrived, McMillin asked the FBI: "What kind of a sick did you get the character out of?" The doctor treated the hotel agency.

DOIT BOTHER US, WE GAVE AT THE OFFICE

Platinum Game of Monopoly spoke to the La Leche League on the virtues of breast feeding.

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WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A ONE-YEAR-OLD MEATBALL THAT DIED?

Alto-Schiller executed an award-winning "Meatball" Mrs. Thelma Stone. Spicy Mouthful commended under pressure from the Indian-American Civil Rights League.

HIGH OFF THE FIG

Henry Newton showed interest for the latest showing of a performance in a Room in which production on the twenty-fifth floor of an Oakland apartment building.

BUT NOT TOO HIGH OFF THE FIG

The Miami police department refused to enforce requirements to include anyone who can prove he's smoked pot less than three times or most sophisticated or sophisticated less than five times. Users of heroin and cocaine are still banned.

HOW 'BOUT ABNEY LAMET

Pyramidal Plane residents in Beverly Hills protested a move by Rudy Wolff to have the name of their street changed to The de Valles. "They are joking," the crowd said.

NOBODY'S PERFECT

Exotic promoted Time-Lane Starship as the best picture of the year.

I HEAR AMERICA FLUSHING

Dr. Simon Levine, a member of the Kepheneke Intelligence Service at the Center for Human Control, has warned that just before the major critics of alcoholism.

SOME LOVER

In an attempt to break the world women's record, 20th. Robin Darmon, ate twelve and a half bananas in seven minutes and then threw up.

SIC TRAVEL POLOMA

Editor's Note: Readers of this open and recent but year's advanced information regarding the telling of P. In the past, we've covered some of the most important and important campaigns which might be among the early social issues of the future and of Poland. But now a new development has been called to our attention. It appears that "Shirley" who's kind for the Poles, but as all three together in space such desirable place as.

BURBLE, BURBLE, BURBLE...

"I have great respect for mothers and for the family," he added.

BURBLE...

ABC has canceled The Courtroom With Stone.

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, MARTHA JEAN, I CAN MAKE IT TO MASSACHUSETTS IN 47 MINUTES PLAT!

In an effort to end as all members in a state legislature, Rhode Island State Representative Bernard C. Gledhill introduced a bill making for a \$2 levy per act of several instances.

WHEN A SPEAKING CHEST-NUT TREE, THE VILLAGE SMITHY...

ON MY GOD!
Grace McHenry, a California Methodist, makes charity beliefs which he set for up to 1000. In return to women's talk, he promised "The Divine of liberation with a woman who wears a belt is who takes the key."

OVERNIGHTER

In honor of Mother's Day, Jean-Paul Bokura President of Central African Republic freed all women arrested and ordered immediate freedom for men prisoners who'd been convicted of molesting women.

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ORAY, THEN HOW 'BOUT BISHOP PIKE?

The Los Angeles City Council voted unanimously to pocket the bill changing the name of Pyramid Place to Don C. Valley. "A serious and careful for merit," the council said.



LOOKS LIKE A HELIXIA BOTTLENECK FROM MINX TO FRISK

Police Gary Powers served as a substitute as traffic cop for San Francisco Valley police station 8052, while their regular man was on vacation.

BOBBY BESS TRUMAN, CIVIL ROBERTS AND JULIUS LANGSA

A Gallup poll revealed that President Nixon was the man most admired by the American public, with Billy Graham running a close second. Monroe Eisenhower was the most admired woman.



NO, I TELL YA, THEY'RE BULGARIAN BIBLES

British's anti-pornography leader, Lord Longford, was stopped at London airport by customs officials for bringing in dirty books. He was permitted to enter only after he explained that the books were for study purposes.

POOR MOUTH OF THE YEAR

I don't have any money," Jacob Orona told a friend. "I have exactly \$0.00 in a bank account."



THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Allen Ginsberg got a share in a house.



Super Clodes, who won the 1970-71 season's most famous flower, made a comeback by growing 55 more in thirty months.



June Cherry, Miss Billy Bittor of 1971. Other was seen involved awards for the tallest, shortest, widest, fastest, dearest, fastest, best decorated and most protesting Billy Bittor.

B. V. Terry Jr., who was the world champion, had been winning contests by interlocking two broken strands in 17.8 seconds, losing only a 3.5-inch gap.



THE AL BILLY MEMORIAL AWARD

To Ray Ziegler, who in response to a person's question said, "The President is aware of what is going on. That's not to say anything is going on."

MARK TWAIN WEST

Seventy thousand people witnessed the annual Jumping Frog Jubilee in Calaveras County, California, and when it was over one person was dead, 140 people were injured and 40 were arrested.

ORAY, WILLARD, YOU'RE THE INNER CITY AND I'LL BE UPTOWN

The population of Park, Texas, was reduced to three when two families, comprising twelve people, left town.

MY KINGDOM FOR A FUNK

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Albright of Park, Texas, and anyone named Funk or Funk is qualified for honor any citizenship in Funk.



SIS BOOM BAH

Miss Patricia Bask, sister of Wilford and James Baskles and mother of two, tried to punch out T-Girls Virgin during a talk at Washington's Catholic University. Bask, Miss Albright, reportedly had said, "The Blessed Virgin was knocked out."

WHAT DO THEY WANT? WHAT DO THEY REALLY WANT?

After she and her four children were placed by Welfare officials in the Wilford-Artemis Hotel, Mrs. Clodes Hargreth commented that she liked it "well enough" but she said her children would have been better.

YOU GRAB THE GOOD, CHARLIE, I'LL DRIVE THE GETAWAY CAR

A Philadelphia pet-shop owner reported the theft of his own selling parrot.



BULL****

James Trudeau denies he already attended the phone "****" year at a woman of Congress. He says he might have said "double double."

AND JUST WHEN WE STOPPED CALLING THEM WETBACKS....

Mexico's coast is making and the sea at the rate of one to two inches per year.

BOYS DON'T MAKE PASSAGE AT GIRLS WHO HAVE RASHES

Women's Free Daily reports that hospitals are getting rashes.

HARDEST DAY OF THE YEAR

Police, Illinois, 12.35 inches on January 9, 1971.



FIDDLE DIDDLE YOU, SWEETIE

When House Speaker Wilford ("Fish Back") Miller asked New York Congresswoman Bella Abzug to remove her hat before entering the floor of the House of Representatives, she told him, "No **** year!" "Fish Back" Miller later said that Mrs. Abzug and he were actually "big buddies."

AND THE NEXT WEEK WILL BE NATIONAL SUPER SUPER POSSESSOR SPOON WEEK

See Lowell P. Weicker Jr. (R Conn.), who owns nine ships, introduced a resolution that would set aside seven days in September as National Day Week.

THE SCHMIDT COMETH

Three for early-mid children have been born from fertilizations achieved by frozen sperm.

LOWEST BATTING AVERAGE OF THE YEAR

Jim Collier of the Washington Senators. .100

DOH, LEONG, O LEONG, NOW LEONG YOU COMMA RE GEOME, BARRY?

Bing Chin Leong was named President of the Leong Sons Duck Tong Society in Honolulu. Other directors and new officers are: Tim Chow Leong, Alan K. S. Leong, Geoffrey M. S. Leong, L. S. Leong, Yau Hoon Leong, Richard M. C. Leong, Henry K. Y. Leong, Sarah M. Leong, Ellen Yau Leong, Ping Star Leong, Chew Hui Leong, Francis Y. P. Leong, Chuck Yau Leong, Lou Leong, Ah Kee Leong and Eddie A. S. Leong.



GET OFF THE RIFT, HUCK, YOU SCHMUCK

Edwidge Cleaver boasted Tuesday Leong and his wife Rosemary in Algeria for using drugs.



PRIVATE LIEUTENANT GALLEY

Three thousand troops bottled in Malaysia's coastal Iraq war. Malaysian believe Iraq war provide national disaster, and one spectator reported that this year's confrontation was "the biggest so far."

OKAY, OKAY, SO SHORT LIEUTENANT GALLEY

Months after the Malaysian Iraq war, spectators concluded that the whole thing was not a war at all but merely a breeding frenzy brought on by heavy rains after a drought.

COME A TI YI YIPPIE YIPPIE YEA, YIPPIE YEA...

University of Texas student Dr. Earl A. Lawson announced that the drinking water of El Paso, Texas, contains enough lithium, a mild euphoric drug, to keep the entire population of this city mildly stoned. Dr. Lawson said the discovery is a special explanation of the low incidence of serious among city residents.



LET'S GET AMERICA BACK ON THE RIGHT LIBRARY TRACKS

Bill Moyers told the American Library Association in Dallas, "The country seems to be putting a great library store, which will have no completely changed."

WATCHDOG EXCESS

The longed doghouse used to contain the former President before the former Albi was offered for sale for \$20.

ONE ESQUIRE PRESS PASS FOR THE 1972 OMOCHRONIC CONVENTION TO

Frederick Chabon, who is described in The Working Press of the Nation's "Fun and Write and Graduate Director" as a specialist in "super, postmodern, megaphone, warlike, weird, white, inferior, cyclopean, star eye, and noble."



TWO GALLONS OF BOLLING WATER AND A HEAVY RUCKEY

To Pat Nixon, who was named Macaroni Woman of the Year by the National Macaroni Institute and had her likeness done in macaroni by a Chicago artist.

MOLDOVY COCKTAIL

From its origin, Moldova is in its first days using nuclear radiation—and that it tastes as good as three-year-old cognac.

BIGGEST LAUGH SINCE SILENT SPRING

The Atomic Energy Commission announced that the nuclear tests conducted in certain areas of Nevada have made these areas unfit for human habitation in the foreseeable future.



MASTERS ON JOHNNY

Hollywood makeup men Gerry Masters and that then, Linda Johnson came to his studio and asked if he needed makeup, he replied, "Are you kidding— with that hair?" He also said Lee Radziwili had spots all over her face, Joanne Woodward had a fat nose, and Jackie Kennedy's eyes were too far apart.

CALDERONPOULOS ON CHASSE

Late Calderonopoulos, mother of Maria Callas, and Jacqueline Kennedy "in style, with her hair, the skin of a bee, fat in the wrong places and eyes too far apart from one another. She's a big nothing."



MAY THE DALI LAMA LEAVE A RIFT IN YOUR HOOKER

Barbara Streisand revealed she studied marijuana while performing in a Las Vegas nightclub act because "it relieved all my tensions."

THEY'RE RIGHT, HER EYES ARE TOO FAR APART!

WHICH IS ALSO, MAYBE, WHY HE CRANES HIS NECK FROM

Super Vic Thomas left the cast of The Godfather because, in his opinion, the movie was "not as hot as the best things of Italian-American."

WHEN JOHNNY COMES PLOUGHING HOME AGAIN ... MURRAY



The Swedish army has issued a new piece of standard equipment for soldiers: washable burials for those who refuse to keep their hair cut to regulation length.



The New York Times, disseminating a story which said the Army is suffering the most serious morale crisis in its history, ran this picture of a soldier before his exile.

American soldiers are no longer allowed to scream "Kill! Kill!" as they charge their opponents into imaginary enemies. They scream "Yiddi Yiddi" instead.

WHO'S THE BIGGEST GOLF IN DALLAS?

Two Dallas firms have developed a wedding reception which, for a time, becomes a Hange Youngman job in addition to a bar at each Youngman faced 200 million less for the project, among them: "What's the latest date on Wall Street?" "My son is in love."

ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS IS HOW FAR APART ARE HER EYES

Mareile Mastrolana described his ex-girlfriend Freda Darnay, as being in the head's remainder in the last and sharp in the knees.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A JEW TRIES TO LIFT A 25-POUND WATERMELON



TURN IT UP AND YOU CAN HEAR THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

London Johnson served at a deflection ceremony at the University of Texas wearing a banner and Howe said like it's important asked "Mighty God to see you," Johnson replied.

THAT'S FUNNY, YOU LOOK JEWISH

Middle East Arabian Air Lines automatically denied it had served kosher food prepared by El Al to some of its Muslim passengers.



THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE

"I do want him to run again because well, I just think the country needs him," said John Nixon Eisenhower of her father. "I think he will run again. I haven't said because it never occurred to me that he wouldn't."

ON SHUT UP

According to ecologists the environmental is better served by the evidence than by the Bush hotel.

HE, THE RALPH WILLIAMS

While searching for the owner of a drift he had left in his living room for twenty years, Robert Shomer of Glasgow, England pulled up the floorboards and found a hole 1000 feet deep.



WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?



WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

I WONDER WHAT HE REALLY MEANT BY THAT

When saying his name Ron (76) High School diploma Darren Hochstadt attended the 2000 people at Commencement by lifting his gown, showing his pants, and exposing his bare bottom.



IN APPRECIATION OF TWO VETERAN DUBIOUS ACHIEVERS, A WHOLEY OF OLD FAVORITES INCLUDING "EMBRACABLE MIL," "ME AND THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" AND "BUSY MYSELF, IT'S LATER THAN I THINK"

After crying tears during episode at premiere of his film at the Kennedy Center in Washington, Leonard Bernstein says he "cried like a baby" during the ceremony.

"I neither doubt myself," says William F. Buckley Jr., in *Crossing Speed*. "But I am, for all my passion, undeniably, I think almost undeniably, a loser."

INSPECTOR, WE ARE DEALING WITH THE WORK OF AN ELEPHANT
In *Melvin*, Long Island cop who knows there's also lying in the street may be freed \$200

ANYBODY SEEN A 100-POUND GOLDEN-CRESTED STICKLEBART
Police in Woodside, California, have put in search a clue to the death of \$300 worth of wares.



WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHATSHEDNAME
Torch-Spell says he no longer wants publicity



LADDER AND GENTLEMAN, THE NEXT VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
After missing a pull at the Cypress Creek Golf Club in Orlando, Florida, baseball star Danny McLean found the ball into the sea and waving of it with left wrist. The club head flew off and hit McLean's partner in the mouth, knocking out two of his teeth.

HAS TO THEIR, PAUL LASSALL, BIRD YOU NEVER WENT HOW ARE YOU LIKELY EVER TO BE, AND THE SAME GOES FOR THEE, JAMES CLARE
Australian golfer Paul Lammie (golfer) and James Clarke (golfer) set a new world record by throwing an egg without breaking it 103 feet, 9 inches



FEEL THE ROTARY SOB
E. Edgar Hoover, and transferred on FBI agent for wearing suitcases and enhanced sweater for dressing in short sleeves while checking on airplane laptop

WE SAY IT WAS PEE AND VINEGAR, AND WE SAY THE HELL WITH IT
The powder smokes that late broke in a atmosphere of confusion and mystery was recently challenged by the perception that it belonged in an atmosphere of carbon dioxide and nitro.



THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES IN THE HANDED CITY—NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH IS DICK DICKS
Dick Dicks, who runs the New York American content in World City (Newtown, Indiana), announced that this year's winner would receive \$1,000 and a trip to Rockland, N.Y. Dick Dicks?



BULGARIAT A LEFT AT THE LIGHT AND KEEP GOING



THINGS OF AN INDETERMINATE NATION
Anne's officials declared Walter Dicks, who posed for the "I Want You" Uncle Sam poster, ineligible for a volunteer's position

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER
As this Home, a Norwegian pianist, set out to play his 10th composition in which the solo part is played on one key for a half 25 minutes, the headlights were turned off for a strong light. When the lights were turned on 25 minutes later, the hall was empty



SO DO WE
Constance Roberts Withers Gregory's bride, told report on "We all up there on our bed. We have a place on the side of the bed and I have a place on my side of the bed and I put on these white bed-sheets, I put on these and think what a man be made be"

MY SON, THE M'W J'BA'LEST
Albert Goldman, nephew of notable and son of Colonel, has author of a New York magazine piece about Lenny Bruce. "I took one liberty—events and details belonging to several different times and places, all within a three year span, have been combined into the action of a single day in New York City."



FORGET HILL WEPT
The 17th Avenue park Five Pender in one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men in America Enriched some other performers, the Jackson said, Five can be seen in the "The Jacksons" film.

EL SCAPOSET OF THE YEAR
A Vietnamese farmer backed his pot past to death after discovering that the animal had eaten \$3,000 in fish. The man kept in a water bucket.

WHEN YOU GET THROUGH WITH THAT, GIRLS, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THE GOAT
At the First Veterinary Clinic in Boise, Idaho, 8000 chicks totaling \$400,000 are being bled their way into the shredding machine in order to be confounded doc-tors. Fully respiratory emphysema opens heart after putting the chicks back together again.

JUST THINK WHAT COULD HAPPEN IF THE KNOWLEDGE GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS
Knowledge cringing is the word of cartilage. Hand hidden kneeling in pain, according to a Leeds (England) University report on self. "A Birmingham study of Cyphalitis in the Metacarpophalangeal joint."

An automatic security lock has been patented by Israel Robert Straus of Livingston, New Jersey

An apparatus which produces medicine gas from our key words has been perfected by two engineers, graduates at Wallula State University

IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR
On June 11, 1977, Frank Sinatra called from show business.



ODD?
Captain Eugene Kotzow was escorted by a military police officer today. He accidentally set off a Vietnamese prisoner's finger trap while seeking vital information.

MY BROTHER'S (AND WE DON'T MEAN BROTHER, WE) KEEPER BARRER
To James McConnell, who adopted his roommate, Dick Baker, president of Minnesota U. a student association, after they'd been denied a marriage license.

I JUST FEEL IT FOR THE CAPTAINS
A finale edition of Playboy magazine is distributed free each month to the blind at home and overseas

WHAT DO THESE PEOPLE WANT? WHAT DO THEY REALLY WANT?
Edie in *Shampoo* was paid two dollars for smearing a self-hat game in *Shampoo* but demanded three dollars more. An argument followed and Shampoo was fatally shot by one of the players.



"NEON'S ON A BAD TRIP, I'LL TALK TO HIM"



"WHAT DYA MEAN BAD TRIP? I'LL TALK TO HIM"



"ON SECOND THOUGHT, SWITCH IT TO LESTER"

HOW THE MEDIA MASSAGED ME

by Sander Vasocar

My fifteen years of conditioning by Network News

I have experienced many emotions since I ceased to be a network news commentator at NBC, but few—most among them is the relief that derives from no longer thinking of myself as a civil servant, a highly paid one, but a civil servant nonetheless.

It is difficult for my outsider to think of a network news commentator as a civil servant. We are associated with facts, position, money, reported power, and the veneer that attaches itself to someone considered to be at the center of events. But stripping away the myths and substituting for them the realities, civil servants are, in fact, what we have become.

In the September issue of *The Washington Monthly*, Susanook Leonard has provided a pretty good definition of the civil servant—governmental or non-governmental. "The civil servant," she writes, "is not to consider the purpose of what he does, nor even to engage in any activity resembling an expression of political commitment, lest he think about the purposes to which he daily contributes his talents. Awareness of and responsibility for the use of one's work is not only the first principle of integrity, but a basic requisite for a healthy integrated attitude toward what one does with oneself."

It was precisely because I could no longer maintain a "healthy integrated attitude" toward what I was doing with myself that compelled me to decide to leave NBC. Something and then, reading wire-service copy led me to decide one day this summer that this was not *my* work for a grown man.

Yet the arrangements, at least those at NBC, are such that they combine to produce in grown men a feeling that they are engaged in an agonizing, seemingly never-ending period of prolonged adolescence.

For reasons peculiar to myself, I enjoyed this condition for many years, perhaps even embraced it, without thinking why. NBC is a very paternalistic company. The people who run it are very paternal men. They are nice to each other, and, by and large, nice to the people who work for them. Corporately, the image projected—at least to me—was that of, not Big Brother, but rather Big Mother (hereafter to be known as B. M.). She feeds you (rather more than you need for your own good), she rewards you, and she punishes you in the sense that for years during the period of prolonged adolescence you tend to feel that you must not do anything or say anything of which she will not approve. You find that your journalistic behavioral patterns tend more and more to be shaped toward an expression not of what you believe but rather toward what B. M. will find acceptable.

It was only during periods when the normal pattern

of reportorial behavior was altered, such as at the Democratic Convention in Chicago. One day had neither the time nor the inclination to shape one's own reportorial behavior toward the accepted norm. And B. M., during those periods of altered norms, has so shifted out of her accepted behavioral patterns that she does not conform to her accepted life-style, nor realize that she is not so conforming.

However, once accepted behavioral patterns are reestablished, B. M. begins to realize that the pattern has, in fact, been broken, and she quickly takes steps to ensure that it will not happen again.

But B. M. does not consciously know that she is doing this. It is a far more subtle process. B. M. believes that what she is doing is in the best interests of her children, not herself. So we are, after such an event, gathered closer to the corporate bosom with the understanding that there we will find continual nourishment and continued protection. There, alas, we also will find continued suffocation.

Mothers, we have learned, are usually very protective of their offspring. The things they wish for their children are the things they wish for themselves. The things they fear for their children are usually the things they fear for themselves. When you institutionalize these hopes and fears a large brooding-sistering corporation, somehow the fears always seem to come out on top.

I take this to be such a literal truth that for years I had a recurring fantasy about being drowned in sweat the rest of my life discussing why I could not do this or do that with a network executive who had the title Vice-President In Charge of Fear. His name is THEY. His standard answer when you press him for a reason why you cannot do this or that is to tell us: "THEY won't let you." It was never able to find, with any precision, just who THEY is, or are. Is it the President of the Network? Is it the Executive Vice-President of the Network? Is it the President of the News Division? Is it some Board that meets each week, draws up an agenda, and votes the agenda as subscale for its capacity to art week after week around the same table, making the same indecisions?

I began to realize that I had taken on the psychological trappings of THEY. And one day I asked myself, who was I? Was I me? Or was I THEY? And if I were me, then how much of THEY had seeped into what was supposed to be me? It was then I realized the process was so subtle that for years I had taken their institutionalized fears and inhibitions and now had institutionalized them into myself. Then did I



Photographed by Gene Myers

HOW TELEVISION NEWS COVERS THE WORLD (IN 4000 WORDS OR LESS)

by Martin Mayer

No, Walter, that's not quite the way it is

"We have certain different problems in television. The pictures which become available to us from various agency services, and through our own cameras, do not always reflect what a reader of *The Times* would think of as the most important news of the day. It is in the nature of pictures to reflect action. It is very difficult for them to reflect thought or policy."

—Charles Curran, Director General, BBC

"I think television news is so illustrated headline service which can function best when it is expanded by its viewers as an important part just adjacent to the newspaper. When I read statistics that show only percent of Americans get all or most of their news from television, I shudder. I know what we have to learn and do."

—Ar Winton, Executive Producer, ABC Evening News

In Africa . . . we are dependent to a very large extent on foreign sources for our foreign news. . . . We have suffered through a situation in Nigeria in the last three years which has opened the eyes of those of us in broadcasting to the dangers of this situation, because you accept a film coverage of the events in Vietnam or the events in the Middle East as the truth, because this is a major medium, as we say. And suddenly the next day, we get a film coverage in the same foreign service company of an event in Nigeria, and you begin to ask yourself whether the reliability of this foreign news-film company is not something that you doubt. We are beginning to wonder whether we have been giving a distorted view of the world to our viewers all the time."

—Christopher Okada, Director of Programs, Nigerian Broadcasting Company

"I remember I was on a newspaper in Tennessee, and Frank Clement was running for Governor and I never missed him. I was covering his campaign, and I would go with him to these ball fields—two hundred, three hundred people. He'd come near the end of his speech, and he'd just end and say, 'There's a young man here, perfectly nice young man'—and he'd not of poor around—there he is, Wallace Worfield, and he's been sent here to write his about me.' Then he'd use me as the way out and say, 'Huge you don't mind, Walter.' Ed say, 'Not at all, Governor.' You got used to it."

—William O. Worfield, Executive Producer, NBC Nightly News

Walter Cronkite does not in fact live his day's work at the table where he is seen at work five nights a week, by twenty-odd million Americans. He comes to that table about five-forty-five in the afternoon, Eastern Standard Time, drops his jacket

over the back of the chair, loosens his tie and opens his collar, sets his pipe in his teeth, places his stopwatch into a cellophane ball on the top of the table beside the available microphone, takes the sheets of paper interlarded with carbon which constitute the working script, and looks over them dubiously a pencil. Cronkite does not write his own stuff (the show has a staff of three writers whose entire job is to write for Cronkite), but he fills it minutely, employing what may be a unique gift for hearing precisely, what a phrase or even a word on a page will sound like in his own voice. When he has marked what he deems certain of what he will say on the CBS Evening News, he makes through it soundlessly, stopwatches at his right hand, putting the watch down to pick up a pencil and note the changes on a separate sheet. Edited pages are clipped apart from their carbon and distributed, one copy to the teleprompter above the TV screen that is slanted to Cronkite. Cronkite, using the teleprompter, though he also keeps a script in his hand, mostly to review in the breaks. The man in the control room down the hall will to know exactly what Cronkite will say, so they can tell the film or tape (including commercials) exactly on the button ("ten . . . nine . . . eight . . .").

Though the script is written and edited by six-fifteen or so, the show is not closed. Under the world may point on the wall be Cronkite's left stand the clock. A P and P 1 teleprompter, hating out in copy the news of the world, feeds up the paper from the machines every few seconds and carry them through to three or four men working around the desk of Cronkite's desk, who may pass them into the slot. As air time comes, Cronkite is very much in control of the show, he is not just behind or under the desk, but the title for his own (double) Managing Editor. Not infrequently, he will edit his script for the last few lines, on camera, losing "real eyes," driving to distraction the directors in the booth down the hall.

Cronkite's strength with the American people—with the departure of Ed Sullivan he is the figure of television personification—rests on the non-external perception that he is what anyone culture calls a mensch. When he was removed from the central position behind the camera in the CBS coverage of the 1964 Democratic Convention (because Huntley-Brinkley had won the ratings battle at the Republican Convention), he did not waste any day at all, and presently he was back on top, simply because he was the best in the business. He has never been a bit of a man in front of a camera. Night editor of his college paper at the University of Texas

(where he was also an actor in the Corbin Clark, until the demands of the two combined), he made his first contact with network broadcasting as a U.P. correspondent in London during the war, when Ed Sullivan was just born as a stranger, and he was full time with CBS in 1950. He left, late president of the United Press, came to say that Cronkite was one of the very few men he regretted leaving but through his appointment he found it was not an ability to go for a long time. Though Cronkite does not feel that newspaper experience is an essential for the television newsman—"After all, Ed Murrow, the greatest of them all, never worked for a newspaper"—he cherishes his background with the U.P. "A man should know about news service, because he has to work with it, it's a handicap not to know how a press service works."

But for all his intelligence and background and tenacious tenacity (much of Cronkite's hold on the public derives quite simply from shared experiences through the night, at conventions, elections, news-explorations), Cronkite's true transfer for CBS news is that of a performer. Only in America is the anchor a significant factor in the broadcast news operation, and even here, Cronkite says, "Victims management think of anchor men as front men for the system, not as persons." On BBC in England, ORTF in France, Rai in Italy, the anchor is a neutral station, the man (often women) who reads the news is a talking model, who may also be used during the course of the evening, on camera, to tell the viewer about tonight's events more wholeheartedly (The English say "lookers," the French "commentateurs"). In the early days of television, Cronkite believes were lessened. Because they are only presentation, most of them tend to have a kind expression, which on the girls is almost always a grin. In America, often in contrast when a commercial for some terrible toothpaste follows a news film shoot, say, an earthquake in Mexico, but the shockwaves is so severe that the typical English scene in which a news film about, say, starving (Bogal) refugees is followed by a very badly girl saying in beautifully modulated tones, "Now, let's go to the afternoon's garden party at Buckingham Palace . . ."

Those who think the anchor man seems wrong-headed to nearly all American commentators—the choice of a man telling of stories others have seen is already a valid criticism for judging the quality of a news service—there is also an outside case for the proposition that the personal presence of an anchorman has saved American television news from total dependence on the accident of available film. When the inevitable man on camera is a necessity, all the stress in a television news broadcast falls on the status which the news department has been able to place before the viewer. Through today's ever serious face, the anchor's natural authoritative vigilance, casual observation indicates that European television news (except perhaps the Amsterdam Independent Television News in English) makes much less of still photography—the shot projected onto a screen beside the anchor man's head—and the presenter reads more freely than does an anchor man due in America. Important stories less form under the European pressure to have some—any—film, and, in Germany especially, television news became a sequence of fat middle-aged men taking news around a table, with the anchor man's head.

If Cronkite feels that a week is a full month, which is a lot of time on a network news show, he can have it written to a minute's length, even though the producers have nothing of real visual interest to go with it. The schedule for a CBS Evening News show

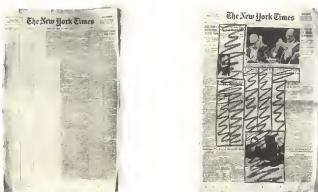
into perhaps half-a-dozen pieces of film or tape, and before then, taking up perhaps a third of the broadcast time. The word "Cronkite" became the action word for those changes in a case of a man showing the anchor man, an American news director has more freedom of action than his European counterparts.

In ABC, Ar Winton, executive producer of that network's evening news, has worked up with his graphics director Dan Hawk is library of "light house" in the local airport which advertises the evening's more important stories at the start of the show and serve as visual effect while Howard K. Smith or Harry Reasoner are reading the news. The library is steadily enlarged by a staff of five full-time artists headed by Jerry Anderson, a young man who has "light house" in any style for any story, and who turns out every afternoon four to six striking charcoal sketches to be superimposed as video backgrounds for that night's broadcast. The artwork (prepared with a sketch of Reasoner to the right or Smith to the left, so he can sit it will look in such a not deferred to the student until four-forty-five in the afternoon. "There's a small piece," Dan Hawk says, "every day."

BBC, the executive producer of an American news show, too, must build his half hour in an atmosphere of available film. The BBC's evening news, which is the staff's staple, a lot of time already in the house but never used, plus the stories which the network's reporters and cameramen expect to cover that day. There is always some prejudice against running behind anything expected for one last night, but in fact they are the only news show in the world that is not expected to be late. While he was producing the Huntley-Brinkley show, for example, Kevin Frank (now president of NBC News) sat for two weeks on a filmed report of the civil war in Yemen, but he never with soldiers on camera, and he had from trivial on the news seem to have had a sophisticated sense of the world's news. Some \$300,000 of NBC News money had been spent to send crews to Yemen, but the story didn't get the film to New York. But the story didn't at least six minutes, because the soldiers had to be taken when they were in the middle of the war, and Frank could not see a world a day when the shortage of "hard" news opened that large a hole in his schedule. A story on a bad drought in the West, or on attempts to get no-frills automobile insurance through state legislatures, or on the financial crisis in the Catholic Church—such a subject of considerable importance, worthy of coverage on a nightly news show—may have to wait many days before an immediate news hook forces an opening for it or a full afternoon news show. Most such "news-diminution" will not appear until the return at the end of the week, and their days of CBS on the low-coverage hour-long morning news (news to eight a.m., Eastern, not to seven a.m. Central Time), at the other networks on a special late-afternoon feed to the local stations for use, if desired, on local news hours. But any network news show that does not have a bank of such film is clearly not doing its job.

The day's assignment sheet (called "tropic moments" at ABC News) will get a more careful look. Rich of the networks has fifteen to twenty kernels scattered around the world, and each kernel has a news anchor who is a news director. The news anchor is a man or woman around a good deal. "We figure," says Elmer Lower, president of ABC News, "that our people are on the road fifty percent of the time." All the bureaus report in every morning by teletype (and many of them call in telephone reports for use on radio: one

CBS president Richard Salant once said, and of TV news, "If you look at the results of the great worldwide news agencies on which so many people depend for their information, it's a fraud." He may have a point. One day last year—do you still read any other—the CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite covered the world in 1981 words! If these words were set in New York Times type, they would occupy a little more than four of the eight columns of a Times front page, as shown in sketch at right. The Times (the following evening) ran to 64 pages (which contained approximately 200,000 words of news).



On that same day the CBS Evening News covered only six of the twelve national and international stories The New York Times put on its front page the following morning. The Times' city edition (headline eight p.m.) is shown at left with the stories not covered by CBS (headline seven p.m.). Sketched at right, CBS carried 40 times as many words as the Times carried on inside pages, but The Times did not carry. One of the longest segments on the news that evening featured Walter Cronkite testifying on freedom of the press before a Congressional committee. The Times put that story back on page 21.

of the reasons the networks established separate subsidiaries for news operations was the desire to consolidate an organization to serve both forms of broadcasting.

A big story breaking abroad may call for the use of a communications satellite, to get the film on the air. Long. COMSAT sells time to networks for news purposes only on a minimum purchase of five minutes, which in 1973 cost \$2,450 from London, \$2,530 from Tokyo, or \$2,590 from Hong Kong. As few if any stories require as much as three minutes of feed, the network news departments consult with each other about the possibility of splitting the ten minutes and the cost, this solution has been approved by the Justice Department. Because they share satellite costs mutually (except when one of them believes its story is a bomb) but do not share domestic A.T.T. circuits, the networks in 1973 spent as much in line charges to carry a West Coast story as they would spend in satellite costs to cover a European story. A.T.T. color-transmission circuits are sold only in full-hour units, at a cost of \$1.30 per mile per hour, which means that a two-minute report of, say, a Reagan press conference will cost each network more than \$200 for transport alone.

All three networks now originate a piece of their evening news in Washington, and the wires between the two production units go much of the afternoon. The other domestic bureau units together with New York form a confederacy of several agencies, with each office reporting on stories of possible network dimension in its region. A breaking story may be covered for the network on a leading basis by its local affiliate, but local correspondents are no longer eager for such work. "They used to have one after-credits program to do," says NBC's Frank, "but now they have three programs a day, one of them at home, and they don't have the time. They'll give you a story on a sudden news break, a natural disaster or a police thing, but after the second day you're expected to send your own people."

Frank is talking about the feelings of local executives, not viewers. The local reporters are more than happy to go on the national network and be seen by their dear mothers far away. Moreover, they will be paid extra for their appearance on the screen. The form and in content the content of television news has been influenced by the A.T.T. contract which requires a special payment (100 to 150¢) to enter cities, whether they appear or are heard on the screen in a sponsored network television show. On European television a news story is usually presented on film with a reporter's voice but not his picture; in America, the habit is to show the fellow standing before, say, the smoking ruins

of An Ch'ien Sheng in Vietnam, saying, "This is Saigon, look for Alphonse News." In recent years, the network news divisions have signed more and more of their people to agency salary contracts, eliminating the A.T.T. requirement and a mense but not trivial source of pressure on a reporter to get the widest story he can, and get himself on the tube.

The day's assignment sheet affects the fact that most "news" is predictable. The Senate has scheduled a vote on a bill to promote the public markets; the wife of the Secretary of Labor will discuss a new atomic submarine; the first time such a personage has performed such a function. Japanese students have announced they will protest a Texas Instrument executive's visit to the Reservoir by lying down in the Plaza in the middle of rush hour and behaving like lunatics. A reporter and a camera crew have been assigned to each of these. Endless service is mounting on some stretch lines, and several bureaus have cameras out at the parks and the stadiums ("Strikes me," says the CBS "Orville" droll—"this one is real"—"like a dog-baiting story, but it's there"). By one o'clock in the afternoon, the producer of the evening news can be pretty sure he knows what film will be available to him, by three he can make up a relatively firm schedule.

"Television," the Englishman John White writes, "can do very little with events of which it has no first-hand knowledge. Although the closeness of its equipment diminishes every year, television can still be the slowest news-gatherer to get to work. A team of people must be assembled; power, signal, extension, focus, sound level must all be adjusted. Or, in the words of an anonymous Canadian, 'Reporting the news on television is like writing with a one-foot pencil.' (It's about how many Canadians are anonymous, but it can't be helped. Marshall McLuhan took all the negativity

available in so northern a climate.) It should be noted, though, that this is a newspaperman's point of view. And newspapermen forget that a story does not reach the public immediately after leaving the desk.

ABC feeds its evening news to affiliated stations for the first time at six, and the other two networks go at six-thirty. If that first show is "clean," the subsequent feeds are usually taken from tapes, though one viddy sketch seemed to be available for "nightmare." A White House story can break any moment before broadcast and get on the air, because the White House is fully equipped both technically and in terms of personnel to get its news right on the wire. (Indeed, anything from Washington can get out very fast: the tape machines and telecine chains in Washington are activated from the control console in New York, and for broadcast purposes there is literally no difference between a piece of tape in Washington and one in New York.) But as most places a story that breaks after three cannot be put on the national air, except as a script read by the anchor man—there simply isn't time enough to get the crew out and the film back and developed, not edited to reasonable length and coherence, synchronized to a sound track, on the telecine chain and over the specially ordered cable or microwave back to New York. One of the reasons demonstrations are covered by television is that the organizers of a demonstration can time what they do for the convenience of the camera, and give plenty of notice. Similarly, Joe McCarthy would time his big announcements and press conference to catch the deadlines of the late-afternoon papers in the East.

The first decision about how many minutes to give a filmed or taped story must often be made before any material is in the house, and it creates irreversible effects. "For us," says Les Mudgey of the Chronicle

show, "time represents space. If we get down four minutes, everybody knows that's a big story. But if it's one and a half minutes, everybody working on it—writer, editor, film man—knows it's a small story. In any event, the length of any story arriving late is to a large extent controlled by the length of the film it displaces from the schedule. Editing film is the high art of a news production team, and one of the reporters is in the studio to do new voice-over, something that runs 100 seconds (80 feet) may be hard to cut back to 100 seconds (60 feet) without starting over again from scratch on the 400 feet that came in from the field, and there isn't time for much of that.

Between four and five—of NBC, as late as five-thirty—the executive producer has run for him through a wire to a TV set in his office or steps out to a screening room to see all the film or tape the show is expected to carry tonight. If he feels something is missing or excessive, the show may be re-cut, if it's "net" news and he decides he doesn't like it, something may be substituted from the bank. Meanwhile, if there is to be a commentary of any sort, the newsmen who will deliver it is away in his office writing it. At around five o'clock, he reports in on how long he will be speaking, which is more or less a guess, subject to general policy: in the 1971-72 NBC format, Cronkite may go six minutes, but both Rosamond and Goodall are expected to stay under two minutes most of the time. At some of the networks, does anybody try to tell a "commentator" or "analyst" what is says at ABC, indeed, it is not unusual for Ay Witten to find out what Rosamond or Smith is saying only as he delivers his words to the public.

News broadcasts require no rehearsal. The camera positions and the lighting are the same every day, and the anchor man's usual level is known. Technicians get the film or tape in sequence for the preselected sections, and the script is wound on a roller to feed along just over the camera's eye, so the man on the desk can read his words while looking right at you. At NBC there is no teleprompter, and Chancellor, who has written his own script, usually reads it. White letters are at times used to block out the "supers" that will appear at the foot of the screen to identify speakers. In France, supers are electronically generated in the control room by a man at a keyboard, and the assistant director who is supposed to approve them before they appear on the screen has other things to do, so different supers are sometimes misread. Because the show is interrupted not only by commercials but also by film or tape inserts, the anchor man and the director will have multiple opportunities to

communicate with each other, and people can be re-programmed on the spot. All such manipulation is necessarily electronic: the man in the control room is seated off from the world, and they only now enter the studio is through the camera; and the motor noise will not distract on how things seem to be going through a headset he holds to his ear while film cameras are on the screen or the camera operator is in a waiting Rockefeller Center elevator and does the show in a studio dedicated to the news division. At ABC, these who have business in or near the studio will dart through a rabbit warren of basement corridors in the converted horse stables just off Central Park which serve as these offices. The former dining room of the old Art Deco building is now a control room, wired with cables to serve as the point of origination of the Evening News. At CBS, the news department is housed on the far west side of Manhattan, in the studio building which fills a former dairy warehouse, and the smaller of two newsrooms is dedicated to the Chronicle show. At all five, two television cameras are trafiled through the studio and the cameras are limited at best by the dither of desks and doors. Chronicle himself has emerged from his bookishness, again, separated from the newsmen by a glass partition, and is in his chair. As he checks his final script against *Widener's* insert— one page out of order guarantees disaster—the scene is lit on the clock, and the cameras are rolling. He is dressed in a suit, and he brushes powder on his face, and holds a mirror which he uses while combing his hair. With fifteen seconds to go, he buttons his collar and pulls his tie tight, and reaches around the chair to fan his coat. There is often only a second to go when he settles his script that is exposed in profile to the camera, that he will catch his breath and the evening news will be on the air. "I've been a newsman for 20 years," says the 40-year-old man in New York, the CBS Evening News With Walter Cronkite . . . "

Broadcasters improved out of old recognition in the Sixties. In the early days of television, news was an unloved stepchild, partly because broadcast-oriented (correctly) that radio was a superior medium for the transmission of news, partly because of the limited time available for news on TV. In 1965, NBC and a network man who worked with a census station for the Office of War Information, and in 1946 the network landed the job over to the Fox-Broadcasters network operation, CBS used Hunt-SEGSM. Murrow's See It Now and was still using the same format, a personal of the news, but when the McGraw-Hill broadcast brought down on Murrow's head the unpopularity of the hour of the hour, including personal attacks on CBS reporter Tom Holbeak, who had recently acclaimed the Murrow broadcast on the direct clock had news in New York which followed directly after See It Now, the network decided to create a new news hour, the first Fox-Broadcasters network operation, the CBS news network with Hunt, which did not.

But the fifteen-minute nightly news that all the networks broadcast in the Fifties and early Sixties was essentially a radio service with occasional film. In the absence of videotape, film from out of town had to be flown in (network news helicopters racing from the New York airports were a familiar sight), or sent twice over the wire at extravagant line charges (for the two separate feeds to the stations: the whole show

said to be dangerous). In the absence of satellites, and of high-capacity undersea cable, live from abroad was always at least a day late. Live remote coverage was possible, but it required much advance planning and very bright, very low-light cameras. When the propagandists of the Soviet Union discovered the medium's capacity to communicate rapidly, they began to send their own satellite-originated press conferences or interview asks (Presidential press conferences were not televised live before Kennedy). The televised Remko hearing (Kefauver watching crooks; McCarthy revealing his nuttiness), and the documentary, the Southern States trial, were also broadcast live. And so it went. Foot and snail. With Ed Bradley telling the viewer what I'll tell about. News goes across via fifteen other perfunctory means as well. But then (when CBS destroyed NBC's early evening ratings by programming entertainment at seven-thirty and moving the news

The technology of the news show in studio was primitive and inevitably anemic: "When I first started in 1951," Perry Wulf recalls, "Sig Mifflin [director of the undermanned CBS-TV news department] said, 'What do you want to do?' I said, 'I want to be the guy who says, 'Take One, Take Two.' " He said, "That's a director; why don't you take over the morning news tomorrow? ..."

Marrow's provision had no tradition, whatever of interrupting programs to handle even the most important external events. In the days when network time was sold in hour or half-hour pieces and advertisers were expected to pay for the time in advance, the network not only paid the most time charges but also payments to the producing company that would otherwise have been paid for the canceled program. When President Eisenhower went before cameras to discuss what the Seventh day would be doing about Germany and Cuba, the network was not interrupted. When the casting of the statement ended after the end of the prime-time entertainment schedule. As late as 1963, when President Kennedy would half an hour at night on a Sunday night to explain to the citizens of Mississippi James Meredith's right to attend that state's university, the network debated about whether they should give up the highest-endurance time slot, and eventually Kennedy compressed an ten o'clock. The time before midnight in Mississippi the time he put to his darkest fall, and the riding had been. Not until the Presidents of Lyndon Johnson, who had closed personal time to Frank Stanton, did it become a national television time of his own choosing for his own purposes.

Up to 1963, CBS gave *Narrow's* *See It Now* a one-a-week top-thirty slot. Among the last of these weekly nighttime shows were two half hours devoted to the growing crisis of the Cuban missile crisis. In fact, it was *Narrow's* weekly show. In retrospect, first because *Narrow* himself, a vastly heavy fencer, was to die of heart cancer; second because FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, attacking "The Silent Secret" in TV Guide in 1965, was to place among the rest of the network's shows, the *Narrow* show, as the most important to learn that the broadcasting industry has been less than eager to tell you about the health hazards of cigarette smoking." (As his answer to Commissioner Johnson, incidentally, CBS New President Barbara Salant listed four documentaries on *Narrow* shows.)

By 1964-65, *Narrow* had seven irregularly scheduled

morning hours; by 1996-97 he had been pushed into a Sunday-afternoon time slot. In large stretches of the country the show was not available at all, because the CBS affiliates refused to clear time for it. Perhaps the most striking failure to clear in the Fifths, however, was the established network that carried the first-ever televised interview with Nikita Khrushchev, a CBS host in 1957. Only 165 stations carried the interview on a Sunday afternoon, at nine o'clock, 220 took the CBS feed of *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

By the 1980s, courts, news and news-oriented shows occupied mutual functions of the network nighttime schedules. Thus the post fall as on the quiz shows, and a return for some degree of protection against well-known public and Congress. The program from the three networks Chairman John C. Doner said plans to Washington to a special off-the-record meeting the Mass. Institute, Stanton and Goldman, and told them the P.C.A. would react to the situation. The program was cancelled and the show's future shows that did not conflict with any similar programs at the same time. When the objection was raised that such collaboration would violate the anti-trust laws, Doner replied from his desk a written promise from the Justice Department to cooperate in no vicious case with any industry.

The results burst of incompetence and ill-prepared public-affairs programs was important mostly in terms of personnel because ABC could not possibly do this volume of work itself. Drew Associates got the job, but it was a disaster. ABC's public-affairs director on television, David Brinkley turned his bright young son, NBC's Howard K. Smith and David Goodenbaum, received much more exposure on CBS. The top network, however, was quantity rather than quality: the new programs had to be booked so considerably to satisfy the public-affairs director that they were not allowed to say their say; frankly, they had to be sold at prices that covered little more than the cost of the air time alone. Corporate executives noted that ratings and sales were better on the evening news, if the fifteen-minute format could be doubted, the larger staffs could be more profitably employed. In 1965, within two weeks of each other, CBS and NBC went to a half-hour newscast format.

By now the technology was maturing. A T&T's first experimental Videtur intelligence wire in the air, permitting occasional long-distance transmissions as the third wire into the law of snail. (Whitlock from Paris told American viewers in 1962 live on camera his spectacular illustration of what the new rode had wrought, that not much was happening in Europe.) America was turning out the first videotape machines. Both film and television cameras had greatly improved, reducing the need for artificial lighting. Always an aggressive interference by the medium with the subject being covered.

Up to late 1978, when the economy slumped, the rifts were between the CBS and NBC evening news producers over larger shifts for the news division; ABC joined the fight in 1984, and became considerable competition—running about sixty percent of the average CBS audience level in 1971. ("We had a regular split for years," Robert Fontana, who sold interests on ABC News shows through both diplomats and deal, a visitor in late 1979, "but not a hell of a lot of people know it, including people in this company"). Now all three national news divisions are big operations. Among newspapers, only The New York Times and the Los Angeles Times suggest to many people in the news business

CBS News in 1971 had more than eight hundred employees, and was budgeted at \$42,900,000, and president Salant estimates that about eighty percent of his operation "feeds into" the *Grosvenor* show. NBC News is much bigger, because the division runs *Today* and the feed news shows on the network's own stations as well as the national service, but president Reuben Fries says "there is no budget. To leave accounting to the network is to leave it to the whims of a newspaper doesn't make sense. We do a lot of things the network couldn't possibly do, and it's still to consider them a loss." ABC News is considerably smaller, but at \$35,900,000 it is many pounds.

Coasting through is an inherently wonderful business: to have a man at the stove when something happens you must also have him there through the bonfires and ebbets when all is well. The key decisions in a new service are the financial decisions, determining the size of the service, the number of stations, somebody will be there to take the next suggestion. One fell asleep in Rome, 1971, the rumor ran around New York that Fidel Castro was about to visit Chile and the next morning all these newsmen had people and equipment on planes going to Santiago. But the trip was wrong—Castro had stayed in Havana. This incident of the coverage of the visit that didn't happen means all the questions which have since been asked in detail after the close of the lecture and the departure of the lecturer.

Mr. Hagopian and the Rand Corporation have estimated that an "average metropolitan district (with 550,000 population)" - the gatekeeper, the man who decides which stories run and which go into the wastebasket, sees ten times as much copy as the paper actually prints. Each of the three airtight news shows receives each week about 100,000 feet of film, which is put into fifty hours' worth, and uses perhaps two percent of it. No one man can see it all and so any thing else is for a living. In addition, there are the same wire service machines that pour news into the newspapers, and reports from fifty to one hundred correspondents and stringers all over the world. And the news producers suddenly read the newspapers, too.

What else is set on the air in half an hour? A very minor fraction of what's a newspaper carries. Richard Salant, president of CBS News, once had the complete opening text of a half-hour *Crumbs* program set in New York Times type, and sketched it into a dummy of the paper. It occupied less than four of the eight columns of the front page. And that's the eighth page. New York, London, Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires, Tokyo, Moscow, New York, New York, Washington, Chicago, Atlanta, Los Angeles, London, Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires, Beirut, Tel Aviv, Cairo, Saigon, Hong Kong and Tokyo. But if you look at the results of this great worldwide news operation, it shows that so many people depend for basic information, it's a fraud! A rival news magazine says Salant's magazine is the fraud, because there is only one New York Times. But the other news holes must belong to the magazine man with, say, the Denver Post or, indeed, the New York Post.

Oddly enough, the need for drastic compression makes the gatekeeper's job—the creation of the lineup for each night's show—easier rather than harder, there is only a handful of stories that can possibly qualify for inclusion on the program. As *Ar Westin* puts it, "A television news broadcast is based on elimination rather than on inclusion." A little personality need to be possible. Heaven Frank while producer at NBC cut out off with the fact that *My Love, My Passion* had not won the Pulitzer Prize for So. (Continued on page 278)

AFTER FREUD AND JUNG,

By Peter Mezard

Can the analyst who made madness scientifically respectable do the same for the poetic vision?



Dr. Arnold and I, later, the readers of his experiences and the readers of *Perseus*, were the first to be aware of a power to hold the hand of the thought of the private man's since last resort, psychosomatic. He was a section at last for that more or less secret, maybe still undervalued pride in our potentialities for experience. For the technical experience (or was it hope?) that every man was a place one could legitimately go should things get any worse, a high-class resort where many of one's friends held advance reservations. To be sure, it was a thought based by certain qualities—perhaps a share too near some of one's most cherished, purchasable features—and deeply gained sustenance for absolute conviction, but it was a thought that could be held on to as an aid possibility for a man who was in a crisis, like Dr. Ronald David Lurie, whose *novel*, *psychosomatic*,

R. D. Laing, the man who gave schizophrenia a good name and who seemed to have ratiocinated the fresh-out, who suggested that, far from its being a disease process like measles or pneumonia to which one is passively subject, schizophrenia can be construed as a disease of the mind, a disease of the socialization of alienation called normality, that it is a homeostatic response to impossible experience, what, in the right circumstances, could go right and lead to a breakthrough, and that in the wrong circumstances must go wrong and lead to a group of people, one of the best men in the world, who in the wrong state were in the wrongness, and, finally, that it is an acute stage of self-discovery, of ego death and rebirth, which ought to save Heister's suspicion and be guided by therapists, including his patients, who had been on that trip through

In a society maximally possessed of an aptitude to sense radical meanings, Lamp's confessions had an instant effect. He seemed to be speaking our minds, articulating things we felt would always pass unarticulated—like our barely conviction that travel is broadening. Of course it was too easy to forget that there are trips and there are trips; that most schopenhauers probably only get as far from Trenton as Newark, and that's a nightmare. But, on the other hand, as is Trenton. And some way undoubtedly got a bit further. Yet however much we may have misconstrued what he was saying, Lamp, sincerely, was getting to multitudes of minds, between them, here and there, some of the best minds of our several generations.

Once, I was told, Long admitted to an analyst friend that every once in a while he couldn't help getting a festive pleasure from a sense of having outlasted the

bourgeoisie, of having secreted himself into homes and libraries where he waits on the shelf between the covers of his books, primed to blow the mind of the unwitting browser.

These days, though, with sales of his first books broken then, once and sales of his latest (*Kings: The Politics of the Penury*) not very far behind, he is finding it all a bit curious. Talking about *The Divided Self* and *The Self and Others* (originally conceived in 1930 as a single book), Lurie told me recently, "I thought they would last a few years, and after that they'd be filed away in a phenomenological museum as examples of how people were thinking in the Fifties. Still, I've just gratified by their popularity, especially, it seems to me, in America."

Early in March a year ago, I ranged around the doors of a tall, sparsely furnished room in the northwest of London, a room quietly teeming from a phonograph in one corner, people were diverting Laing with the latest American ruses about him—stories of repeated hospitalizations, month-long drunks, how he once sympathized and wonderful mind had been wanted by democracy, how he's in the habit of pushing his patients in the street. "Laing, Laing, Laing," I muttered, crossly, to the door, looking annoyed and exasperated. "It really seems to have stuck," he said, "this image of me as an enemy. I understand that some psychiatrists have even made diagnoses based on my looks. I don't know; maybe it was *The Bird of Paradise* that did it!" One professor of psychiatry at Yale apparently told his students that it showed distinct signs of a homosexual orientation, which was the subject of my next question. "I haven't been able to figure it out when they're telling me what they're seeing and what I think from their eyes," he said. "I'm mad!"

[illegible]

17. You see, I was great in gym, but I want to try to do you about, make some sense of I think what interested me about Larry in the first place was a certain resemblance to Hankberry Pine—something boyish, delinquent and unattractive about him, this was fighting out for the Territory. Perhaps it's possible that

NOW COMES R. D. LAING

And so crowded. Indeed, I suppose it is virtually impossible to want to stand at an ideal standpoint instead of just occasionally bumping it. But it is also an impulse that excites some consideration, especially among those stalwart idealists who still nurse a commitment to this world and a vestigial faith in politics. For to them the news that the United States is to favor the "peace" of the Middle East is a blow to the heart. Their making head-on head over heels toward the mystical Orient is likely an occasion for some dismay, if not for outright cynicism. And, indeed, of late, with the secret getting to leak less and less, it's becoming, in fact, almost ridiculously common place, now, across the feeling: Even so, sitting aside the question of whether or not the United States is really pulling out of the oil game of mystical Eastern, the fact is these are depths and indignities to a decision such as Lamm's that defy getting down to mere theories—more rigor, I discovered, than evolution, more attention than simple posturing, more science about how the world happens to work than optimism about how it should.

But first let me tell you about the origin, my wonderful parent of this man who seemed guided, protected, sometimes fantasized, by so many concordant rings of more or less helpful people as maybe even the President.

[illegible]

Next I make brave forays into the circles of famous intellectuals just to get a whiff of how the wind blows there. Judging by report and also by his forehead to Leary and Cooper's *Reason and Violence*, Sartre gives

his blessing. And so, I understand, do Eric Fromm, Gregory Bateson, John Garani, John Berry and Jacques Lacan. Further afield Robert Lowell turns out to be an admirer of Laing's prose style; and Lőrinc Strauss, whose work Laing likes, made a special point of meeting him when he was in London some months back.

Then, transmuting noisy streets and asking occasional people who might or might not know Nan who Lasing might or might not be, I packed up a further collection of particulars signifying almost anything: quasi-joy, revolutionary, philosophical, schizophrenic, disguised as a doctor, doctor masquerading as a schizophrenic, the most recent reorganization of *Aesopias*. Thus, let me tell you, in a transference as in a study, the nominalistic given your data, you are and you decide either that Lasing is exactly whoever anybody thinks he is, or else that he is exactly not—whoever of which itself is not an agreed description of what is the case.

Angling a new mass into the interior of the ocean. I joined into the Ljungsköller Network of radical psychotherapists and experimental communities. A disproportionate number of them, I discovered, were Americans from New York who with other members of the Network had joined in 1965 to help set up the first free clinic in Sweden. I found a small, crowded, criss-crossed center on a dingy back street of London's East End, the very same building from which in 1931 Mahatma Gandhi, accompanied by a poet that he relied for assistance, departed for his country's independence. There, until June, 1970, therapists and depressed patients lived, ate, slept, and together used their own hands to make and mend the same medical model of mental illness and treatment was counter-productive and acutely cruel.

Seen the members from Kingsley Hall, other New York communists have been established elsewhere. But the image of Kingsley Hall as the communist headquarters in Langer's downtown fiction still persists, and it is not hard to see why. The image is a very real one. From all reports it must have been a remarkable scene, especially at the beginning with everyone gassed up on the high-toned excitement of inventing a new social form. The day ordinarily began in early afternoon with the distribution of communistic tasks among those who were willing to do them. These tasks were not hard to come by. In the first place, the police went, to see what they could see, were the community's natural antagonists. The most anticipated event of the day was dinner, held usually between nine thirty and eleven thirty at night around a candlelit, flower-strewn table at the head of which sat Langer, who afterward liked to settle into the hot lounge and discourse, sometimes still wearing, on post-dinner, the outrageous, high-heeled, black, shiny, pointed-toe pumps and a pair of his day's medical school and in the grip. There were the expected fatalities over the community's organization, Langer arguing that authority becom-

LATEST REINCARCARNATION

part it is a matter of trying to reduce Freud's truly inspired overemphasis on genital sexuality to the highest level of bodily experience that is not specifically genital and of the mind's more summary powers to transcend itself.

More particularly, as far as Laing's view of schizophrenia is concerned, there is a special debt to a theory developed in the 1950's—Gregory Bateson's elucidation of the role of the "double bind" in the etiology of schizophrenia. Bateson, an esteemed anthropologist, has credited Laing with being one of the few people fully to understand the theory and its applications. The double bind refers to a family situation of conflict in which somebody is repeatedly subjected to simultaneous, absolutely contradictory messages of two different types (say, say, verbal and the other, physical), thereby creating a locked dilemma in which he cannot resist but that he also cannot escape, except perhaps by developing the symptoms of schizophrenia, constituting an inner world consolidated by contrary versions of reality, which is hardly what one could call making a satisfactory escape. One simple example is the child whose mother excessively commands him to love his white girlfriend of the same time by her actions while she does not love him; that if he loves her, he will be punished, and also forbids him to notice the contradiction. As Bateson observed, this is a logical technique that is Zen Buddhism is used to achieve Enlightenment: "One of the themes [in the Zen Master] used to be held a stick over the pupil's head and say frequently to him, 'If this stick is real, I will strike you with it. If you say this stick is not real, I will strike you with it. If you don't say anything, I will strike you with it.' " In the family it back slashes.

New ones of this reasonably straightforward kind are getting me any closer to peering out the porthole that Laing's name keeps bringing me as I wade for news of who he is. And, indeed, there is something else that up to now I had been doing—perhaps not more remote of the sort that spontaneously materializes around the person, but who is more referred away enough in his books, that Laing was, as people kept sagely saying, "quite anyone."

Now I can recall a time not so long ago when schizophrenia was a label for the syllable device for instantly conjuring up to uninitiated imaginations the chaos of mind that shapes life polymorphically. Under Murphy, U.F.O.s, ancient Egyptians believe something the spirits of dead husbands, ungrammatical ad for this or that path to truth at the back of shuffling husbandry routines, and a lot of religious mysteries that was always being opened out to worry about, to associate automatically (if only) with metaphors and allegories, the perception of less pleasantly enlightened ages. But times, as they are wont, have changed. Those days, determining what is and isn't real seems more than ever a matter of

network. The information is at hand, revolutions are back and forthward, new words to most things and but friends. The question is, is what we are witnessing a religious revival or is it only America again, doing so there? The last time I was back, a computer in Grand Central Station next my bookstore, people in million robes and vestry were chanting Halleluiahs in front of my book, some children-like lines were playing the market by eating the U China (and wearing the U incidentally). Allen Ginsberg was singing *OH MAMT PADME HUM* in a Chinese courtyard, my former Harvard roommate were deep in meditation, and some of the most other and abundant of my friends were into the Tibetan Book of the Dead meditation and the tank.

And in all this riot, what of Laing? It takes some careful charting to expose the fancy footwork that brought Laing's head to where it seems to be. The underlying process is that mystical or transcendental experience is only special and unavailable in the sense that association experience is consciousness—which is simply to say, says Laing, first, that they are both authentic, demonstrably operative modes of experience; second, that they are different from ordinary waking perception, but by no means necessarily any more or less "real"; and, third, that their difference be at least partly as our ability to recognize or communicate them.

The "consciousness" is what we do not acknowledge, to "witness" or to "see" oneself. As an extension of Laing's early method of supporting a phrase of everything but the obvious, this is a dual manifestation of what I shall call the *George Maye Mirror Effect*—a trick and not a trick, a case of the mind being quicker than the mind by becoming to itself a looking glass. Laing calls it "the true natural scientific method." He also sometimes calls it "vertical phenomenology": a way of looking back and to an uncomprehending, mirror-eyed unconscious, seeking for an ideal message point from which to look at things. As a technique is like the mind on, it is inherently responsible for a certain attitude of philosophy and life. It is a Buddhist insight often adopted, for instance, by the faint of our science-fiction writers to dismantle just what a lonely sensitive Marjorie, as yet unconscious in any of the postmodernist Terms world-view, might make of her allegedly missing behavior and how from that he might be expected to infer the nature and qualities of our experience. Except that by Laing's example we ourselves adopt the ideal posture of trying to see our own past by assuming our mirror minds, by becoming conscious of being conscious of this or that. By the Mirror Effect, however, for example, is how the interests who wish to be around people to behave. Chance arises, that conscious itself by what we think we can tell, demonstrably, what's real from what isn't, turns out to be no more (or less) than what most people at a given time seem to think they and

OF AESCULAPIUS, MAYBE?

the others think is so. "Oh just see what wonderful New Culture the Emperor's new clothes have made him!" By the time we get to schizophrenia, the looking world is a real, a more given to one group of people do mystic, hearing, feeling or doing things that other people, the ones who give them that name, don't. And the case is only preliminary to a whole range of rather peculiarly self-enclosed actions that are then taken against them for what they are told is their own good—like locking them up (hospitalization), dragging them into schizophrenia (deinstitution), sending them to the head with many volts (ECT), and lopping off pieces of their brains (lobectomy and lobotomy). Given such data, and applied to it the principle of the Mirror Effect, you find that as, say, a hospital ward, there are two reasons of experience to try to make say: that of the people who get locked up and that of the people who lock them up. When you do, Laing warns, you may discover, on the one hand, that the latter part of people's violence toward other people is projection of self-hatred, and on the other, that the latter part of psychosis is sometimes transcendental. Which (note) does not mean always. Not only is every psychiatric definition not an acknowledged behavior, but Laing also perfectly denies (as one of the wretched sentences in *The Politics of Experience*) "that psychiatric experience necessarily contains the element most manifestly that was experience."

Annotate the Magic Mirror Effect, and you find yourself cultivating a special faculty of mind that Laing (and others) describes as *intention*. It is one of a number of concepts that for the past year or so Laing has been working with characteristically *obsessive* enthusiasm. He seems to work this way, in fits of anxiety and extreme interest. One year it was the premodernist philosopher, another time it was neuropsychology, or early Western music, or mathematical logic and set group theory, or Buddhist and Vedantic phenomenology, or Freud, when Laing read from A to Z. Last year it was intention. If to be perceived is, in a sense, to be in perpetual opposition to your own mind, then to be assessed as to be himself is—think it, to change it, or to shift from one mode of consciousness into another, from which you have a perspective on the first. A drop-out perceptual effect of reflecting in this meta-knowledge of the mind seems to be a reversal of figure and field, of foreground and background, whenever you happen to be looking. The net effect is an example, set against a sensitive background of mind and matter, of a certain patient's behavior will undoubtedly look very strange, reverse your perspective, however, and suddenly the patient may seem rather more familiar and sympathetic than his keepers. Whereas that puts you, it isn't where you were just before, Laing thinks that most of us are stuck in one perceptual loop, perpetually confining it with being the only one, or anyway the only valid one. And that goes, by the way, for most

psychiatrists, too, who tend in our pre-imbued culture, Laing has noticed, to look quite easily into cross schizophrenia. As a consequence Laing's own way of trying to make them are sometimes occasional, mind-blowing. Once, for example, Laing was sought out by a diagnosed personal schizophrenic who on arrival set straight to work painting a picture of global persecution by invisible death rays. Laing waited until he was through, then, pulling out all the stops, said, "You think that's persecution? Now let me tell you how *you're* really being persecuted!" The point is, what sometimes Laing is not so much the fact that persons think they're being persecuted when apparently they are not, but that they always seem to be shocked at the thought of being persecuted. Because, actually, he is far more astonished by how many people think they're not being persecuted when he knows they so clearly are. This second variety of delusion, he says, is much the more common—and, he remarked recently, "we don't even have a word" for that one.

What this balance—a little carefully considering the liberating construction that are popularly laid at his door—in Laing's expectation that people take conscious responsibility for when their heads are in, for changing their minds when their minds are making their lives miserable, and for not admitting to being wrong way from Easy City. And, in fact, for all the obvious reasons that he refuses in his patients' features, or that he brings too much of the outside world into his consulting room or that he is too motherly, or not motherly enough, patients of his assume he that, at least in his Laing, is a person who is extremely tough or authoritarian than those of other virtuous Freudians or a better authority.

But there is, it must be said, a further aspect to this picture of contractual rigor that is not so recognizable or so easily reconciled with ordinary—aspect that suggests, if you will, the extraordinary contrast in his beautiful proof. My first glimpse of it, as far as Laing is concerned, was on the occasion of my hearing a recording of a talk delivered in August, 1968, to the Association of Biomedical Psychologists in Silver Spring, Maryland. The speaker was Edna Egan Moss, known previous to his having no change from social scientist into mystic as Dr. Richard Albert, the ex-Harvard psychiatrist who with Timothy Leary helped make LSD the household name it has since become. By way of thanking his roots from psychology to mysticism, Laing then, in describing his own use of therapy and cited his indebtedness to R. D. Laing.

"It's total rule laid. You see, the thought is constantly putting himself totally in the line. And the thing is, it's a great way to get out of out of your head, because what happens is after a while while you're looking at his face and it changes, and you see through all the external hallucinations and you see that completely in your (Continued on page 168)

Some Moldenke

by David Ohle

Enough is enough

Moldenke lived the hazy life. As a child he was kept in a crowded back of a house where thick windows matted in their frames through summerfall and gathered ice by winter.

In the prime of his boyhood an ether tree patiently died in the view from his bedroom window. In the spring a green woodshed flew down and packed spruce around its dry trunk. Moldenke would fold himself in his chair and watch several more rows behind the ether branches, studying the woodshed's habits.

Days would end on a thick minute. All things were tight but Moldenke was free and green, bright sun behind him, speech ahead.

2. Later Moldenke

He pressed his noseball against a lookout and felt something center toward him, dormant, edgewise, nothing at all, silent, from the direction of eastern light. He crebbled backward up the stairwell and crebbled in a blind spot. He felt it move through his nose, the venter, searching out a place to fix itself. A light veiled on Now Moldenke could see. He closed his eyes, knowing it was chosen. He stood up. It was with him, his visitor had settled against his face.

3. Upper Moldenke

When Moldenke closed his mind to wonder it would take him to a smothered ore of grimes and weed where a million snow lay yellow and inches deep. It was like a volcano, obviously complete, yet nothing suggested architecture. There was no dome.

Northerly winds, constantly warm, hugged his straight hairs. He felt no pulse, little metabolism, only heat and flow. If he was tight, Moldenke was wing.

He woke inside the air and below. There would be heavy breathing, morning large. Something with muted claws would spit dots from surrounding bush. Moldenke would turn away in fear, his chin on his chest, his hands in his pockets.

Rarely were there perturbations from the standard, and even then only a matter of mis-eyed rabbits. Other than these things, nothing would ever happen.

4. A Telephone Call

Moldenke picked up the speaker.

"Moldenke?" It seemed a genuine voice.

"Yes?"

"Moldenke?"

"Yes, that is Moldenke."

"Moldenke?"

"Yes?"

"Are you leaning against a wall?"

"No."

"It would be easier if you did."

"Who am I speaking to?" Moldenke asked, his shoulder against the wall.

"Some mind that, friend. Are you leaning yet?"

"Yes."

"Fine enough. Open up your good ear and listen hard."

"Now I know who this is. I'm not playing." He could feel door through his soft shoes.

"Listen to me, Moldenke. This is trouble. Don't hand me gun. Are you ready to hear me out?"

"All right, all right. Say it, get it over with."

"It's quite simple, friend. We have something you might want. Nicely packaged and locked in the vaults. A few bags. Nothing complex. Just tapes."

At this point Moldenke hung up.

5. A Letter Came in the Mail

Dear Mr. Moldenke,

Now that Fatherfather is free, why don't we pull you out of the M's and jerk you up to a better position, perhaps as high as the higher A's, something through contrary smooth.

By the way, I understand that old Boone has moved himself, as it were, to another location. On the one hand, this fact doesn't bother me in the slightest. But on the other hand, as you well know, I wear a different glove, and I occasionally find myself wanting him brought into focus before summer falls. Can you comprehend this, Moldenke? I ask you.

How are things in the city? I think of you often, Moldenke. I say to myself, Moldenke should be the one looking in the country air, not me. After all, he's the one with twisted organs.

Many regards,

Your country friend,

Bernheim

6 Deleted

7 Deleted

8. Cotnam and Cuffish

He picked up the speaker, put it to his good ear, and listened. Static, chewing kelp, dart of silver, static, as though someone shared burnt food at the other end.

He put the speaker back (continued on page 100)

Painting by Andrew Raczynski



EUPHORIA THROUGH AIR POWER

There is, while it lasts, a wonderful world we all live in, and one of the most wonderful things about it is that the air surrounding the whole thing moves up and down in thermal and convection currents, as well as eddies in winds

If it were not so, the pictures on these four pages could never have been taken, and the ten thousand or so licensed glider pilots in the United States would be only mortals like you and us, instead of the privileged creatures that

they are. The fortunate truth is, however, that a nine-hundred-pound glider, even though in the nature of things it must come down sometimes, need not descend faster than the air. It's in at the time it's rising, and since a high-performance modern glider has a maximum sinking speed of less than two feet per second, while a lot of the air in this country is going up at ten or more feet per second,

all that's necessary in order to soar is to introduce the right glider to the right air. As you see in the picture below, this is done by towing the glider behind an airplane to an altitude of a couple of thousand feet and then letting go. Suddenly it gets very quiet and you're all by yourself. To see what can happen next, under the right circumstances, just turn the page.



There now? Flying can, after all, be more than sitting in a cheaply upholstered submarine being dragged through the air by brute force. Once the glider has cut loose from the tow plane, the pilot is at the mercy of the laws of aerodynamics: the art of the business consists in exploiting the air so as to go where you want to go, not merely whether the wind wishes. Though gliding is older than

powered flight, true soaring did not become possible until the 1850's after the development of the variometer, an instrument that tells the pilot whether the air he's flying in is going up or down, and allows him to direct his flight accordingly. Once in rising air, the pilot circles in an effort to stay in it; when the air ceases to rise, he starts fly off in search of more, and hope to find some in the direc-

tion he wants to go. The presence of rising thermal currents is often indicated by the presence of cumulus clouds at the top of the air columns, and what could possibly be prettier than that? Since there are almost a hundred commercial soaring schools and two hundred twenty-seven soaring clubs in America, anybody who really wants to try the life of a bird can do it, and most use of the

largest soaring schools in the country reports almost 100,000 training flights so far with no injury worse than a strained back from a rough landing, soaring figures to be among the safest of the machine sports. At about \$450 to buy enough instruction to obtain a license it's reasonably cheap too; and best of all, the loudest noise is the sound of your own voice going "Whoa!"



The Witch of Las Vegas

by Jack Richardson

"Most players know she is there to mock them, to bespeak the fawcety end of all human risk."

The voice bubbled behind me. "The score? What's the goddamned score?"

I twisted the swivel chair away from the television set and looked at the face suspended above me. Puffed, overpainted features exploded in all directions around my eyes, long, blue-bordered tooth thrust toward me from freckle-embellishments in receding gums; a mottled combination of alcohol and retching depression swirled over me. I froze as the face smiled around me and became part of a round, twitching body that dropped into the chair next to mine. Surrounded by a miasma of dyed red hair, the face spoke to me again. "The Giants ahead!"

"No score," I said, and then shivered a little.

"What time?"

"Bottom of the third."

"I got the Giants for tea. They're a beautiful team, right? They're going to blow the Dodgers out of the park!"

I hastily nodded. A witch? A witch had flown into my calm afternoon to announce she had bet the same team as I. A witch in cowboy boots, red, thigh-buffing chinos, white blouse, and blue, bejeweled fringe vest. Giant, ruby-rimmed glasses arched around her eyes, which were intently fixed on the tiny, athletic figure in front of her.

A witch, I thought. An oddball and someone a witch as I have ever seen. A soul-biting witch. Anzelm, a soul-biting witch, too, greatly fear my money is not safe.

I was sitting in a large room fit partly by daylight, partly by a giant network of phosphorescent tubes that twisted across the ceiling and along the distant junctures of the walls. The effect was a sad, dusty glow that spread out noisily against the eyes like a pollutant, often vomit. At the far end of the room, perhaps a hundred yards away, was a series of barred windows, behind which darks transacted the establishment's business. Along the upper half of one wall ran a large blackboard, its sticky-green surface broken up into hundreds of geometric compartments, each containing somewhat idiosyncratic effluvia in a set of numbers. Beneath this wall of information stood a long bar, at which sat a second set of employees, their eyes protected from the yellow light by dark glasses or tinted veils. They scribbled, answered phones, and, at intervals, preoccupied by narrow metal ladders to change or add a monkey in the vast field of symbols suspended over them. The other people in the room, the establishment's customers, sat quietly on the huge leather divans and sofas, which, with flamboyant curves and

sculpture, partitioned the vastness of the room into private enclaves. In that giant space and stipulating light, faces lost any likeness their features might have had, voices struck the ear like muted echoes, and the constant ring of the telephone produced a dull, subconscious sound that had to it no tresser of awareness. "I hate to miss the opening," the witch said. "I like watching the players all standing still with their hats off when they play *The Ever-Spangled Banner*. It really pumps up the excitement, and you get to see how many bald spots are on the team."

I nodded and turned a little away from her. She was definitely a bad omen, a vulgar sign. I should drift away as quickly as possible.

But there was something about the slow, imperious rhythm of the building, like that of a Dickensian countenance or a bee doped on a Sunday morning, that made it difficult to move at all. We were in the Hi-Life Sporting Club, an edifice that, tucked in among the phantasies of the Las Vegas Strip, ate like a glass, Caliban's rebuke to all the flamboyance and excess around it. However, what the Hi-Life actually houses is the largest bookmaking establishment in the country. Each day it handles hundreds of races, its establishments, through equally diversified cabarets, the odds on a political campaign or a college football game, it permits a gambler a passion about a golf match in Hawaii or a heavyweight fight in New York without the gambler's having to be, by nature, interested in or knowledgeable about the event. It is, finally, a colossal repository of contests that are continually being resolved, created anew, and whispered upon, and if it were in any other city in the country, the Hi-Life Sporting Club would be packed and rumbling with the action created by those compelled to risk something during the course of an ordinary day. However, being in Las Vegas, the Hi-Life's chief business is coldly conducted through the discipline of telephone orders, and those customers who come in person, who come to use the "day's" forbidden of leather sofas, television sets, and sports magazines, are generally either the old who are in need of a place to rendezvous with their comrades or the peculiar gamblers who prefer drawing out the tension of a single bet over the hours taken by a game of sport to squandering it in a few seconds of indulgence at a craps or blackjack table.

I had decided to start my day's gambling in such a place precisely because of the heated tempo. Later, during the night, when all the sports of chance were loose in the city, I would have to risk the good feeling I'd acquired during my first day of traveling through



Photograph by Pete Turner

the wine. However, once last night I had won and awarded a beautifully wrought moment in my history, even if it was comfortable in my attitude and not approved by the waiter. I was a washed man in an empty afternoon, smug, in short, I felt I did not have to trouble with the indignity of a stewardess in the toilet but could pick and choose with the fastidiousness of one who pumps an aristocratic appetite. I did decide to pass the afternoon receipt in one carefully selected corner where that receipt would reveal its consequences while I perpetuated my feeling of absolute self-confidence.

In such a mood, I felt I should have had the outcome of an *Austriale* or *Thermopole* to bet on. However, after checking the Blackboard, I had found that the only event left for my evening was a baseball game between the Los Angeles Dodgers and the San Francisco Giants, with the Dodgers listed as 7-to-5 favorites. Therefore, I had scolded down my desire for Olympia dream and set for five hundred dollars on the Giants.

There was a wheeze of nervousness to me as a Giant better ended the inning by striking out. The witch began dropping thoroughly as a large, straw shopping bag, from which she snatched a one-colored incense and played it deeply into each nostril.

"It gets to my sinuses when I gamble. They fill up like dishes in a restaurant."

I smiled. The situation planned for a delicate taste of fortune was being ruptured by a vulgar presence. I was certain that I was going to be the victim of a spell, that the spectacular scenario was going to cost me my detached self-confidence, as well as my five hundred dollars.

Now before I seem bugged down in superstition, let me explain that all sensitive numbers have known within and believed in their power to varying degrees. These ladies materialize generally when one's concentration is at its fiercest and shows when one is deep within a winning rhythm. In no instant, they are always there, and they are not to be confused with psychic disturbances which drive the mind away from the gambler at hand and focus it to fix itself on their presence. Willingly, one slowly looks up from the table and confronts a face without human aspect, a face that has made some delicate arrangement so that its over-decorated features will never again allow a promise to escape past them. It is a face that is old without having been bitterly aged, and the traits that adorn it leechy anyone, with clanks and rattles, a brittle morbidity.

Seriously, if one is betting hundreds, the witch periodically rolls only a dollar or two, just enough so that her power will penetrate into the game. And the attuned gambler knows at once that this power has him as its object, that her dollar is composed to his handsets in some dark way, and that until he can restore his own eye, his fate is going to be directed by an unmythical force who will manipulate it at her pleasure.

Of course not all gamblers consider witches pernicious. There are some who actually are relieved to find themselves held in threat by one of them, who happily give up their position and follow the whimsical calculations and choices of the table. And sometimes these passages to war a little by doing so. But most players, and I include myself in this group, know that witches are there to mock them, to present a treasury of desire and aspiration, to bespeak the tawdry, irrational and all of human risk.

However, the note I glimpsed of the specimen next to me, the moose also seemed an odd example of her kind.

There was definitely an essence of *Witchdom* about her, but it was diffused with an apparent genuine shyness that gave her face a look of error and concern whenever something of interest happened on the screen in front of us. Like her autism, she had revealed and discomfited my mind, but she had done it quickly, crashing into my awareness with reasons intimately rather than compelling coldness. There was even something comely about her as she sat watching *Uphill* and *Encouragement*, and I felt that beneath the colorable makeup there might actually be a cheek or two of honest mortality.

"Why the hell can't they let this standstill?" she said to me after again going to the shopping bag and bringing out some Kleenex squares with which she wiped her credible nose.

"A tough pitcher," I answered. "Start the Giants out the last time he faced them. You can get a record sheet at one of the windows."

She looked startled that I had actually spoken. Her eyes, behind the bronze glasses, took a scan of me and then shot back to the television screen.

"All he's got is that fast ball," she said loudly. "Fast ball, fast ball, fast ball. Our Giants should get it fixed and then explode. It's a good-looking, easy bastard though. Look at the way he looks that leg up in the air when he throws."

Yes, I was beginning to think that she was not a witch, that my instinctive uneasiness over her appearance must have been caused by her casual alacrity rather than by any mystical menace she carried with her. Indeed, I began to feel that she was someone almost excessively human, a great, disheveled shrewdness who spent with, perhaps beneath the rather withered face, the more vulnerable she appeared, as if someone of greater moment were attached to the essence of the game than the loss of her ten dollars. As I watched her extend and encourage her players, it occurred to me that a great way to make a woman make itself up to look like a lady in her fifties and was being outrageously constrained by such a miserably faint.

Under her was, she was out of place in the Argentine order of my afternoon. I made up my mind to move, to give her a courteous "good luck" and find another television set.

However, before I could make the beginnings of an excruciating exit, the Giants got on a little rally—a walk, two singles, and a crushing double by Willie Mays—and the gambler's host of me abandoning a winning seat took precedence over the unsettling nature of my employer.

During our team's three, the woman had settled and smiled with approval. But with the usual fan's consciousness, however, were her admiring estimates of the players' playbooks. Mays's duple, for example, received a breathy appreciation, and the following batter, who popped out immeminently, nevertheless was greeted for his delicate profile and rugged forehead. In fact, as the game progressed, hardly a player passed me by without having his attention concentrated on in a prolonged manner.

"Just-looking man in the world, baseball players," she said between innings. "Where else can you find bodies like that? Of course now and then you get an old relief pitcher that's running a bit to fat, but most of the time you'll be like me. I've got a good and a better collection of American men than what steps out on a baseball field."

A baseball specialist, I thought. Not a witch at all. Only a compulsive admirer of men in caps and knickerbockers.

"Football players," she went on, meant that she had caught my attention, "you just two weeks. They've got what you need call bodies of the future, which is in fact for those who are going to live in the future. But for right now, baseball players have the right proportions for a woman who definitely won't take it out of this century."

She laughed seriously when she finished making this distinction, as if she had caught herself being too emphatic in the presence of a stranger about a personal preference. She sat quietly until the Dodgers were retired in order in the top of the fifth inning, and then, for the first time in a soft voice, asked me if I was a baseball fan.

"Not really," I said.

"Then you're a better," she said sadly. "Look. I know I can be annoying. I mean I get excited over things and sometimes—well, I don't want to upset you or anything if you've got a handle on the game."

Her saying this made me feel a touch of shame over the uncomfortable thoughts I'd had about her.

"You've got meety on the game, too," I said.

"Yeah, but only enough to get my sinuses clogged up and to give me the right to use those Kleenex tissues."

I looked bitterly toward the club as she spoke, and I imagined that her appearance and behavior had, in the past, occasioned rebukes and threats of banishment from several of the clerks who labored there.

"I only came here," she went on, "because, even though it's a goddamned tank of a place, it's better than sitting in my glorious *Sturm* Motel apartment surrounded by old Cell 45 men and Klemens. I mean you shouldn't watch a baseball game alone, and it's nice to get a little bit on the game to get the jinxes flowing. I've lived in this town for six years; I know something about gambling. But my real kick comes from looking at the players. It's so beautiful to see good-looking men going down doing something really American."

She paused for a moment to lean on obediently as a Dodger batter swung and then, perhaps catching a little twinkle in my expression when the player stole second on the first pitch, resumed an apologetic manner toward me.

"As I was saying, if you're in deep on this game, I'll get me another seat."

I insisted that she stay, partly because I was too proud to admit that anything could settle me, partly because the Dodger base runner had been thrown out at the plate in an attempt to score on a cheap single to left, and partly because I was angry with myself for having been so squeamish. I had come out into the world to gamble, and there was no place in whatever predicament I would finally make for an irrational interest in the players. I had come to the game to win money. At the very least we formed an alliance against the dice-driven waitress at the front door.

"Fear sitting next to me in Las Vegas isn't going to affect what happens in San Francisco," I said, not at all certain that I was really so sure, and I was sure in my mind that I would not have been so sure if I had been easy to slip back, without marignities, into momentary misanthropy.

My companion sensed that my explanation was too pat.

"Yeah, that makes sense, but gamblers don't often look at it that way. If you walk around this town and see it to have fun, it seems you're always in somebody's way. Hell, I know I look a little strange, but this is no

good as I can put it together, honey. If I was real beautiful about myself, you know what I'd look like? A nice, pre-pubescent old lady who's out of the game for good."

I stared at her and tried to imagine what going like was still in. I could see her sketched in the corner of a dark corked lounge, perhaps, coming to some romantic understanding with an old, war-wrecked sailor in for a night on the town. I could see her with anger off to her mad scientist's laboratory where she would experiment a moment's homecoming. I could wish her ponder the slumped and definitely with the afternoon's Cell 45 men around the room, while her companion snored with something like laughter and opened the bottle they had brought with them from the bar. I could even see her as they strolled toward an arcade bed surrounded by full assembly, dirty glasses, and pills that had been prescribed for a displaced nervous system. I could even hold them in focus until, after a boxer-smoking embrace, they fell among the writhed love and huddled together to begin a half-conscious coupling.

And that is as far as my imagination could take them. It would need a suitably mind to contain the confounding details of such a vision, and a saint would naturally follow the principle of economical inclusion and think, "Well, I am part of what they do. It is I, but who am I that culturally mortal embrace on a cramped motel bed."

But then a saint has considerations that I did not have at that moment, and though we had but the same side of a baseball game, I wasn't going to admit that there was deep sympathy between me and those who are made ready by life.

"Anyway—" my companion was still explaining her presence—"I've given up worrying about who I speak to in this town. There's too many crazy and just plain mean men in Las Vegas to worry over them. I like baseball. I like a little bet, I want company and I don't want to be alone. I want to be with people who are in control and I'd be loaded by the sixth inning. So like it or not, Betty's right here."

Her expression had just enough of a challenge to it so that I knew she was offering me one last chance to leave. Instead, I introduced myself and we settled back to watch our team take a three-run lead into the sixth inning.

"Have you ever been to a ballgame?" Betty asked as a Dodger batter began a perfunctory protest of a called third strike. I answered that I had and that I enjoyed them.

"I thought I would, too," she said mildly. "A girl friend of mine and I once went down to Tijuana just to see some ballgame—or to be honest, some ball-fighters. All my life I'd heard about how damned beautiful they looked in their little suits and slippers, with their hair done up in soft waves. Well, I saw a few and they were a mean disappointment."

"Most of them," I said, thinking back on dozens of melodramatic Spanish *Bandera* as *los reyes de la feria*, "look a little mousey and undernourished."

"Did you see any really good ones?" Betty said, laughing and looking at me with a gleam of her memory of Tijuana outsiders. "I mean the only thing they have going for them is the fact that they can get a hora through their privates at any moment, and that makes a woman feel, well, a little sympathetic. But I could never like them seriously as someone you'd want to see down at New Year's Eve. They're always so just so appealing, to my way of thinking, as those ball-fighters' balls, and you get a *Coñito* on page (19)

The Stravinsky Holiday Dinner

by Roy Andries de Groot

His ambition was to compose his music exactly as a chef composes meals

When Igor Stravinsky died earlier this year, the world lost not only its most renowned composer, but also one of its most ambitious and enthusiastic promoters. Now, with musical tributes being played and sung all over the country, *Esquire* has chosen the occasion of its annual Christmas feast to commemorate Stravinsky the lover of fine food and wine. The dinner presented here (the menu is overleaf) brings together many of his favorite dishes and is based on the unique combination of French and Russian cookery which flowered in the early decades of this century around the famous Ballets Russes. Stravinsky, of course, first made his reputation with this troupe under the guidance of its entrepreneur Sergei Diaghilev, also a noted gastronome. The dinner is pictured in the colors and manner of Léon Bakst, the designer most responsible for creating the Ballets Russes style. A number of excellent restaurants here and abroad will be serving this dinner at Christmas time, and you can taste it—or any portion of it—by consulting the list at the end of the article and making your reservations early. Food was Stravinsky's second love—just ahead of women. Whichever he



Illustrated by Miriam Mosk

The peacock persists— the gleam of metal on men

Once crossed, apparently, the peacock is not easily put down, and though the excesses of the recent revolution in male apparel have gradually disappeared, men is not yet entirely bereft of an urge to primp. Now this expresses itself in a growing vogue for medallions, dog tags, chains, bracelets, belt buckles, and rings that are considerably more discreet than those that garishly graced the ginkles of such as Frank Nitti in the Twenties. On the whole, it is a salutary trend, for, done with taste and an accent on masculinity, it contributes a certain individuality. On these four pages are items ranging from a \$5 bracelet to a \$1,150 gold-and-diamond buckle.



At the left: Carter's 18-karat gold dog tag (\$85) and chain (\$115); a sterling-silver letter by Peter di Spigno for DeLong (about \$15); Carter's engraved lapel and 18-karat gold cufflink pendant (\$280) on an 18-karat chain (\$110). On the opposite page, evidences of the belt-and-buckle syndrome: Top center, a leather, snake, and bone belt by Kligman, French & Henshaw's available in Barney's, New York (\$16.50); to its right, Swank's leather belt with cork insert (\$12.50); to the right of it, a "Great American Vegetable" buckle on an elastic belt (H.B. Veltrop for Saks Collection, \$6); far right, Harick's onyxes-each belt with chrome buckle (\$8); to the left of it, a belt with three narrow strips of leather strung through silver buckles (Pittell, Barney's, \$20); close center, a pebble with oval-design buckle (by Timothy Ghafer for Jack's Ragans, New York, \$17.50); below it, a goat Mizar with dove-leather trim belt by Paris (\$17.50); Dinos of Italy's belt with oval brass signature buckle (\$35); Henry Dunay's 18-karat gold and diamond Polynesian Moko, here a belt buckle, can also be used on the pocket of a blazer (\$1,150); on 18-karat gold-plated sterling-silver horseshoe buckle by James Schwab for Arden Jewelry (\$290); an equestrian design on Ingle (Pierre Cardin for Cartier's, Paris, \$5); far left, Bucken's leather belt with chrome star buckle (\$7.50).





On this page a bouquet of bracelets. From top to bottom: a solid-brass wristband from Rene Jewelry at Nature's Children, New York (\$25); a silver link bracelet from Ralph Dorian (about \$8); a sterling-silver moon-design bracelet by Celia Schel at Henri Bendel, New York, \$7,500; the Cuff's mod-mon-plate L.D. bracelet (\$12.50); a sterling-silver and elephant-skin bracelet with "V" signets from Boutique Valentino, New York (\$60); French's metal link with leather lining bracelet (\$6); a sterling-silver bracelet with interchangeable sections that can be combined with stainless-steel or gold-plated sections (Gusko Rogers, New York, \$300); From Designer of Italy's shoe collection, a sterling-silver buckle that, when the shoes have had their day, can be converted into a bracelet. The bracelet is also available by itself at Danner's New York Boutique (about \$90); Carter's 18-karat gold link bracelet (\$799). On the opposite page, four rings. From top to bottom: an 18-karat gold and emerald diamond ring by Isamu, New York (\$1,100); a sterling-silver ring (Rene Jewelry at Nature's Children, New York, \$200 that is the same shape in back and can be worn as shown here or with the narrow, angular side showing); a sterling-silver eagle-design ring by Celia Schel at Henri Bendel, \$300; a sterling-silver drum-design ring (Rene Jewelry at Nature's Children, New York, \$125).

Photographed by Michel Boudier





CONVERSATIONS WITH, UM, JON VOIGHT

by Tom Barke

On not being Jon Voight and other theories of acting

Jon Voight has just said something coarse, starting the crew of his new movie and casting attendant journalists to scratch intently on their note pads. He is about to be lowered over the edge of a thousand-foot precipice in Rabun County, northern Georgia, a cliff which, in the script, he has just climbed, but there's a delay: the steel cable which is going to support him is visible; all you're supposed to see holding him up is an old-looking rope. The man here is deal with such cinematic steps to the cliff edge and sprays the cable with neutral paint; at the same time, the man here is making sure that the other end of the cable is tied to a tree far enough to reach his feet. Abruptly grinning, Jon points to the knot man.

"I hope he knows what he's doing," Jon calls, "because if there's any doubt, we better tie the f---ing thing around his balls."

When movie stars say funny things on the set, the crew often overreacts, but this is a special case: Jon Voight almost never says anything funny on the set, certainly nothing involving bodily fluids. In public, he spouts the trivial, the vapid, the obscure, preferring to appear about as comfortable within the realm of film-making, as a Bolivian Army major at St. Traps. The confidence of those stardoms, his wondrous geographic, in, he tells reporters, fraught with obligations, is known to, say, a C.P.A., a priest, and people like him for that. Everybody likes him, though careful research reveals that almost nobody knows him very well. What they like—or respect, affectionately—besides his sense of diffidence and self-effacement is his talent. Take Joe Buck in *Midnight Cowboy*, they will say; could Redford, McQueen, Newman, or, yes, even Nicholson have so deftly set aside his own personality and acquired on a fresh, separate one, making Joe Buck, who was basically an acrobatic cretin and otherwise here's an, appear somehow significant, and, and of the same time, have accomplished what Redford, McQueen, Newman are adept at, projecting themselves? That's what it's all about, they will add, concluding the story, clearly unaware that Jon, had he overheard, would blanch, because "I am in the, um, creating of characters more than a lot of actors," he will allow, not pleasantly, his face no longer resembling that of a Campbell Kid who has died. "I would say that, I mean, Dustin Hoffman and I are really after finding people who are somehow who look different, that we look weird different, are psychologically differentiated, but the rest of it is bullshit. That doesn't make me better. This really ties me off, the business of one thing being better than an-

other, or best, the best. This is one of the problems of our current thinking, this matter of talking comparisons between."

His sentence bends through deeper, channels. The river beneath the cliff they hang him over, and remains, as Jon did most of that Georgia afternoon, cliff-hanger; yet one is loath to interrupt, because he just speaks steadily on if you do, and because his delivery is so ponderous and contemplative that interruptions seem gauche, like giggling at high mass. Besides, it is nearly impossible to get him to start talking at all, something one has discovered more than a half-dozen times. Various studio people must first be pleased and pleased again, his personal manager must run an efficiently check, and finally, Jon himself comes to see you for a sort of postscript clearance session, an interview about being interviewed. If he decides in your favor, you also discover that he can sometimes be, if not wildly polite, at least mildly antipathetic about certain facets of his image: his looking bad, his ignorance upon spouting furnished apartments, plain businesslike automobiles, functional valuable clothing, about his disdain of concrete speaking and drive talking, and the fact that he has never been to The Playboy or Le Club. But mention his profession, his position, and the curious furrow between his eyebrows deepens, making sharp demands upon the prose expression he likes to assume. A silence, a grimace, he explains that he does not really approve of interviews, their concept is avoidable, they attempt to define, and defining is synonymous with comparing, so after should be defined only by his work, and besides, he really doesn't have the time to sit here talking. In Hollywood, the problem was that he'd just finished a movie, *The All-American Boy*, and actually he'd been thinking about getting a couple of interviews and taking the girl he knows on a trip. In Georgia, he explains only on that he's really been working too concentratedly to talk. And, um, there's this girl, not the same girl, the campaign-trip girl, a different girl.

One arrives there, in the mountains northeast of Atlanta, at the same time the girl does, and the movie is nearly finished. The New York office of Warner Brothers, who are paying for it, has pointed out in a series of terse, jocular phone calls that, actually, Jon-Voight are barred from the location during the first part of the shooting schedule, because Joe is working too strenuously to lose direction, and it's downright physically dangerous there: out-of-control monkeys abound in north Georgia rivers. The reason that Georgia and rivers are avoided is because the project is the movie version of Bruce post James Becket's first

Photographed by Mike Goldsby



6. The Bedchamber Room

The headboard and base of the Bedchamber Bed contain a cross woven of dark grey. The adjoining Colosseum Bed features a gold tulle veil. Like its contemporary elsewhere in the suite, it conceals a secret passage for the lord-devising bachelors, all welcome to go and with suitable assets for parties. The Bedchamber and Big Top rooms contain the P. T. Barnum Suite, a tribute to

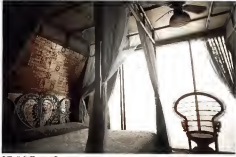
the legendary showman and a reminder that Judge Thatcher is Chairman of the Board of the Ringling Bros., Baruch and Bailey Circus. Twentieth-century circus memorabilia in the room includes a tiny chair (used by the once bedoped or General Tom Thumb) and a statue of General Thumb dressed as Napoleon, whom he loved to impersonate despite the fact that the latter was several inches taller



6. The Lilian Russell Room

For the ladies of the evening of a lifetime, the suite offers several bedrooms that might have belonged to famous ladies of legend and literature. The best-known, perhaps, is that honoring Lilian Russell. The brass bed and Aurora mirror like numerous other pieces of furniture and objects d'art in the suite are from the palatial personal collection. It's virtually all the room, the beds are in

ascending in the bathroom direction. The Ringling Bath, upstairs here, shows Russell's bathroom by a clockwork door is an exception. Its oval marble tub and tiled toilet shower can take six couples, women, and the two hand-painted tile mosaics that grace its mirror (double and one), its lantern, its corner locker, and its dining chamber you must be sure to be believed



7. The Lady Thompson Room

Cornia with a decorated missionary chair will enjoy the beach Pacific island atmosphere of the Lady Thompson Room, constructed to simulate a London and each bed, also one adorned with a cany-when bedspread and two varieties of fluted wallpaper. The mosquito netting and velvet Houston have made one grateful that two and the rising bar are the only sources of relief from the

heat in the Lower Age. The walls of the room slope toward the roof at such an angle that the large hanging mirror above the bed reflects some of its dimensions while in bed a sentimental touch perhaps intended as a silent tribute to Mrs. Thompson's profession. Should guests grow hungry, the Monterey Kitchen, equipped for everything from snacks to gourmet meals, is but a few steps away.



8. The Lady Chatterley Room

The narrow Red staircase leads to one upper room, the Lady Chatterley, perched above and the Penelope Pad. Away from bars and hallways and equipped with clockwork and preposterous furniture, the agency is an old-world bar, evening or display purposes. By organization that pick up the tab for most of the 100-200 days the suite is rented each year. But surprisingly and their customers are

was the only ones to enjoy the Colonel's Anniversary. It has served the great the new great and the merely wealthy as a setting for gala parties, a night's helping and, so it least one occasion, a family reunion. And who can say in what way it may be put on the barrel. As Gerald Jacobs observes, "There is nothing like it anywhere in the world. No one has challenged me on this."

New Jersey on Nineteen Dollars and Fifty Cents a Night

The hotel for the dog whose master is busy tonight in Houston

"A new era of elegance and luxury in boarding" can be yours, or at least your dog's, for any price between \$3.50 a night. (Any dogs only are eligible for this rate.) To \$19.50 at *Annwood*, a kennel (if we dare apply the word) on a two-hundred-acre estate in the foothills of the Ramapo mountains in New Jersey.



The Quarters

For many years Arthur and Ann Sachs, proprietors of *Annwood*, trained Great Danes and Standard Poodles to show. One day it occurred to them to enter the kennel business. Says Mr. Sachs: "We looked at each other and said, 'Well, if we do it, we'll do it this proper way, the way we would want it for our own animals.' And *Annwood's* guests are not at the show and conducted in a spacious

parlor where ever collie, fox or sherry owners are interviewed as to their animal preferences, what Poles want. Poles get, always within reason of course. Many would have found it also welcome, as you are shown for \$5 per dog. They receive the run of the elegant *Caucasians*, with its cat room, special exercise and target covered scratching post. But, however, are welcome only if reserved



The Corridor

Under a bright light, up to forty-eight dogs (and eighteen cats) may come piled in noise and air (200,000 B.T.U.'s of air conditioning, plus overhead fans and hot air heating in the winter). Individual weather resistant runs lead from each room, covered with translucent plastic over coats. Runs are lined down daily and mean cleaned once a week. The bill once you include

grooming in *Annwood's* upstairs salon with air enclosed drying room, where dogs lie on a rubber lined floor, heated by cars having air. Veterinary service is always on call. *Annwood* stands for prestige. It is exclusive, asserts the distinguished handsome Mrs. Sachs. "You will be treated personally and with up-to-date, demanding consideration, in your desire for our growing efforts."



A Bedroom

Like this on by night too. Many have every room at *Annwood* is fully equipped with a color coordinated three-inch thick mattress. An automatic, automatic flow water fountain is at the disposal of the pet who is thirsty or needs water to quench a moment. The raised feeding bowl stands in the front to feed any in order to eat. *Annwood's* standard room is a two-to-one ratio one

of *Annwood's* Field "True Bibles with ground level, but dogs vary from poodles, dachshunds, to *Killings' Poodles*. 15 with food, shelter, linen and music. "We run a luxury service," says Mrs. Sachs, "the client has a total choice as to the room he wishes and the type of treatment he would wish for his animal. We have less than 300 guests, occupancy or lower level." Check our rate is one per



Fancy footwear, the higher heel

As the body and shoes shown on these and the next two pages attest, "fashion" didn't know what he was talking about when he observed some hip hussies years ago that "you cannot put the same shoe on every foot." But they were to something else, too,

which is clear with the good-guy commitment of spurs (Photo, left), to men who decide to be conspicuously straddled, the only characteristic to this season's footwear for men is a slightly higher heel. Above and on the opposite page are some samples of the

look options of these shoes. From left to right: a dressy suede mule with buckle, strap and ring and a spurs-like (Photo, right), a leather boot with double stitching, side zipper and pointed sole (see the below) (Photo, right),

a Western-style silhouette of a dress shoe with leather (Photo, right), a leather boot with double stitching, side zipper and pointed sole (see the below) (Photo, right), a leather boot with double stitching, side zipper and pointed sole (see the below) (Photo, right),

leather, side zipper, heel is upturned, the (Photo, right), a perforated suede boot with side zipper (Photo, right), a leather boot with double stitching, side zipper and pointed sole (see the below) (Photo, right), a leather boot with double stitching, side zipper and pointed sole (see the below) (Photo, right),



4221 Harbor Impacts slip-on in wavy-toe leather with a high-raising nose and side gusset 4232 Next row Jenner's leather three-quarter ankle shoe with top toe and squared heel 4241 an updated oxford-gore slip-on with buckle and shoe 4250a

Squire, [20], a bubble fox on a two-mystle snout and toothy grin (Maine Bush, \$44). Third row is two-mystle rock-like slip on with side gapes (Merle, \$35). Johnson & Murphy's three-mystle scalloped lip show with satin lace (\$35). The scuffed show of the

day with two cycles, a platform trip was flown (Bass [24]). Unlike our Vietnam's one-cycle gas-leather cycle, she has a wing activity (30), a muscle-and-leather muscle-and-leather model with a stable upper day for health and three. Otherwise, 300

The Last-Chance Salon

Rejoice! You can finish your Christmas shopping in your spare time! Our late-breaking suggestions:

1) Ship Ahoy, a nautical-themed ceramic, designed by Vera, 20's to 40's, \$25 at Rick's Inc., Atlanta, Ga. 2) Lucite plant stand with two glass shelves, \$137 at Lord's, N.Y.C. 3) Sony AM radio in J-200, \$19 at Liberty House, N.Y.C. 4) Scavenged metalware candle, \$5, Bedrock, N.Y.C. 5) Ezra Pappier's Head, a neon Plexiglas sculpture, \$120 at Lardner 6) Bedrock's 8 pieces, 12-piece, unopened tinware, \$14.95, J. W. Robinson's, Los

Angeles. 7) Country inn watering can, \$15, and pitcher (9), \$6.50, both at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. 8) Candle sculpture "The Harpers," \$40, Bedrock. 10) Platter's pot and mirror, \$5, J. Marcus, San Francisco. 11) Scottish tartan knife, sold out in national stores, \$350, 17th-century candle, \$21, \$300, powder horn from French and Indian War (35), \$1,500, all from Elcomet Alaska, N.Y.C. 12) Sea-foot-high Christmas pas-

sle, \$5 from Marshall Field, Chicago. 13) Silver-headed cane, \$25, Georges Kaplan, N.Y.C. 14) "Red sculpture" by Nancy Miller, paper and Plexiglas, \$200 at Environment Gallery, N.Y.C. 15) Shaggy-sleeve and 100, gold sleep model, \$1,200 at Bloomingdale's. 16) AM/FM clock radio, RCA, \$49.95. 17) Chinese fur rug, \$150, Georges Kaplan. 18) Scolding scene, \$127, tripod, \$54, by Smith at Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y.C.



Give Seagram's
 and Be Sure.

Give the best of America.

spread with a mixture of black and red sauce with stragins black marrow, all drenched in milk and milk in during the baking. The whole is then completely soaked in brandy punch, with especially cultivated opportunities for showing off the decorative art of the pastry chef. This dish has become a classic of the French cuisine. It is accompanied by a young wine, a 1970 Mauselat. When Stravinsky became a French citizen and lived in Brittany, he sought and prepared a great deal of fish and accompanied it with the local Mauselat from the Atlantic, another "simple and honest wine."

The Russians always enjoy assemblages and fillings of fresh fruits with various sorts of meat, which is why their table of red is filled with cheeses. One beautifully prepared assemblage is a lasagne and filled with whole fruit. It is breaded and steamed, so as to meet the classic French requirement of a "wet" meat to prevent the "dry" and dried meat to follow, and is accompanied by the superb Cheval Blanc, a red wine from St. Emilion in Bordeaux. Stravinsky and his wife in New York for famous dinner with T. S. Eliot at Le Pavillon.

Next, Cakes of Volcan with Blueberries. Volcan is Stravinsky's favorite cake and is served it as often as possible for the late supper after the lunch performance, when Stravinsky usually sat on Poushkin's sofa, at the center of the long table. The large cakes are marked with a rich, brown cream and garnished with small, sweet-sour mandarin oranges. Creamed cucumbers and nut-browned baked hearts are served with this course, as is the most complicated of the menu for the dinner at home in Los Angeles, when Stravinsky, who rarely hosted, had possibly heard (and possibly heard) great sums to lunch—always, for example, for Vladimir Malin—Stravinsky brought out what he considered to be one of the greatest feasts from his small chest-cellar: a 1937 Russian. Bismarck. A bottle from 1965, if it is he himself and offered, will suit the occasion splendidly.

After a brief nap and a hot water in flavored with champagne and served with a sparkling glass of St. Prignon to refresh the appetite, a rich course of roast pheasant follows. This is the famous Pheasant with Pine Green & Pine Sauce. The bird is heavily stuffed with pine green, then sautéed and decorated at table with more pine green, truffles and other edible garnishes and seasonings, before being finally flamed. It was a favorite dish of Pausanias who liked to decorate the bird himself with designs in black truffles. Brown spiced parrot red roasted tomatoes and yellow Bismarck. This is another dish which has moved from its home in the Pheasant (before Pheasant was a popular Russian specialty) into the classic, French, high-cuisine repertoire. A light, slightly sweet Sauternes goes beautifully with the bird and stuffing.

The molded Aspic of Lobster with Roman Salad is filed, at the bottom, with carved pieces of lobster and sea-

food, perhaps, because the triple nature of his creature. There he was not only a great musician, not only a great patron, but also a master of words. One of his most moving literary compositions was his dedication for the poem "The End of the World" by the poet T. S. Eliot. It was constructed, hardly unexpectedly, around a series of talks he had during the war.

The last of these passages with the great poet was the dinner in New York in 1963 at Le Pavillon (when it was a great restaurant, under the direction of Henri Sauter). At the end of the meal, when the Aspic was served, Eliot proposed a toast: "My dear Ilya, be sure to enjoy the last of the world." Stravinsky was eighty-one at the time and Eliot seventy-five. Neither of them could make it. The poet would die within two years. The composer would survive for forty more for another eight years. As they left the restaurant and walked for their coats, the maître d'hôtel said, rather loudly, to the maître d'hôtel: "These two will be the greatest living poet." Vera Stravinsky, trying to stop Eliot from embarrassment, answered, with just the right tone and look: "Well, he's not here."

Now that Stravinsky has joined Eliot among the immortals, Vera's comment, far from being also, in the perfect form, well, in emphasis, to understand, he did his best. ☐

YOU TOO CAN ENJOY A STRAVINSKY HOLIDAY DINNER

The following restaurants, alphabetically by state (except for the Cosme House in New York which preceded the others), followed by Canada and Europe, will serve the Stravinsky dinner. In each instance, an asterisk indicates reservations, the restaurant will have

to make several preparations, so reservations should be made as far in advance as possible. It would be well to call the restaurant manager and ask for an appointment so that he can explain the dinner and the arrangements for it.

Cosme House
 175 West 54th Street,
 New York, New York
 495-1400

The Elgin Inn
 1075 Montgomery Hwy.,
 Birmingham, Alabama
 822-0792

MARSH'S
 52 East Casselback Rd.
 Phoenix, Arizona
 944-5255

The Windsor
 3156 West 7th Street,
 Los Angeles, California
 944-1301

Mr. A's
 Along the Fifth Avenue
 Financial Center,
 2504 Fifth Avenue,
 San Diego, California
 536-1777

Ernie's
 617 Montgomery Street,
 San Francisco, Calif.
 393-8000

Paul Yakara
 1120 Connecticut Avenue,
 Washington, D.C.
 202-7880

Don Bates Hotel
 4120
 Boca Raton, Florida
 395-3090

The Down Under
 3608 East Oakland
 Fort Worth, Texas
 Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
 464-0444

Club Gail
 Fort Lauderdale Hotel,
 2100 North Ave.,
 Miami Beach, Florida
 359-8021

The Flare
 2541 Greentree Pkwy.,
 Atlanta, Georgia
 342-2152

Harp's, The Water
 Tower Hotel House,
 460 North Michigan,
 Chicago, Illinois
 843-8986

Club Jambal
 3209 South Collins St.
 Fort Wayne, Indiana
 485-1559

Blondel's Pizzeria
 5400 River Road,
 New Orleans, La.
 735-6482

Donny's
 1701 North Charles St.,
 Baltimore, Maryland
 538-1361

Restaurant
 Le Mediterranee,
 14th Pennsylvania,
 2 Washington Blvd.,
 Detroit, Michigan
 963-0000

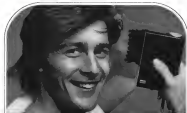
The Blue House
 4441 University Ave.,
 St. Paul, Minnesota
 648-6200

Jacques Old World
 4801 N. Lombardi,
 St. Louis, Missouri
 731-6111

Orleans Room, Baltimore
 Baltimore Hotel,
 900 and Farnam Sts.,
 Omaha, Nebraska
 333-6111

Cassius Palace
 5120 Las Vegas Blvd.,
 Las Vegas, Nevada
 751-7139

Commodore
 632 Cayuga Road,
 Seattle, Wa. New Mexico
 563-1352



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know, Charlie seemed . . . intimidated by my ideas. They seemed to threaten him in some way. He withdrew from me, y'know?" Beyond that, he won't discuss the problem for publication (another, on-fide later, will Karman), and a point about Mike Nichols and the *Cats* 22 experience. "The Mike had his own very strong view of what the picture should be. I don't like how it turned out, I do not like my, my, contribution to it. God, I was wrong in my, Mike, listen, I can make Mike Manderbinder into somebody really spectacular, better, wonderful!" He wasn't interested in that. Mike liked me to play Jan Vargo, you know? Whoever he may be. God, that infuriates me! I want to go to the director who says, "Oh, just go out there and be yourself!" This is the director with a stronging picture and a wonderful expression. "I want to shoot at them. 'What, I can give you something totally different from me and one million percent better. License show you?"

I suddenly he has reflected upon the further during the afternoon, because he picks up a thread of it immediately, that evening, as it had been on break. Placed, the publisher reports before audience that Jim would like me to come over to the house, that Jim will have a son-in-law, that Jim and his wife and his daughter are going to have dinner in the club's dining room. There's a bottle of rum on the living-room coffee table. Manderbinder can be heard in the bedroom, humming.

"I thought of something important about my acting," he begins, then stops, thoughtful words. The way he sounds, there are two pages open beside the bed; he finally I pour, since he does not, but he seems not to notice. "I just realized this, it probably goes back to A View from the Bridge. First thing I thought when I got the part in that was, Jesus, I'm totally wrong for this. This guy should be a young, well, good, handsome, and that's not me. Then I thought, 'Wait, I have just described to myself what I want to do, as an actor, with the role.' Do you see? And it has been just the same with every part. So back, all at the same I approach them about, um, negatively, with a very strong sense of confidence. I can't do the role, so I've got to find another guy who can. Sometimes that's not I do, as it is negative thinking."

So what, if it works? "Well, I guess . . . now I, when I'm playing in this, I was also correct. The way's supposed to be a self-will, a self-will, with a self-will, the right wife and number of kids, he's forty-five, notified And what goes before me as the man?" First I began to see the man, a good, and wearing a lot of hat that he got feeling is, you know? Then I thought a lot about this Southern guy I'll act, who's very shy and insecure in his speech, very staid and well-bred. He'll look at the other ways going to explore and say, 'Well, we will have to look at the other ways, there's what, processes, are different?' (I'm, advice A.) Such A guy pulls a gun on him, he would shoot, 'Well, now what

is it that you would do that? I mean, who is he? I would say that's a golden killer, y'know?"

Who knows? Not the character in the rehearsal script. One doesn't mention that, however, he's still talking. "And then you . . . my role . . . he's a good guy, charming, everybody's good-time Charlie, but basically he is empty, uncommitted, and deep down, he knows that!" Then I decided that it was totally not who got the four men together for the scene first. I, um, sort of gave him all the words. And when his friend, who is really a simple, average man, dies on the trip, he comes off responsible in . . . crashing. He must find what he got. We, oh, did a lot of copying along those lines during rehearsal; then, if I was aware of a moment, a scene, I would write my own version of that scene. And we did not use a good part of that material. Yeh, I put in lines on every damn page. Newman had to approve, of course, but generally he liked what I came up with. I like it, some of it is really valuable stuff. Um, I didn't do it just to change him, only to find my character Charlie. Then . . . when we got together it was obvious they were wrong, or unstable; Dickey's a writer but not a film maker. Of course, his reaction was there in spirit, so part of the, um, subject."

But doesn't this really amount to having written a new script, or at least to the telling of a story quite opposed to Dickey's? If there was to be a great Dickeyman, and to Dickey's character, isn't it really the reverse, the man's growing and ultimate rebellion? The question is not necessarily answered. "I tell you something: I don't think that, philosophically, I agree with Dickey. What he's saying is that the guy who kills to survive is the good guy. And I just don't believe that. I can't imagine that outlook I mean . . . I can't believe that's really what the problem looks is about. It's about."

A sort of entitled, rich, raspberry colored, his appeared at his throat, about his neck. One wants, he doesn't seem to be aware to think he's about. What about Dickey's repeated refusal? Another reason? He had to be asked to leave. How would he do that? Yeh, the actor, and there is the writer looking over your shoulder all day saying, 'Well, no, that's not the moment I write,' or even, 'Well, no, today you've got to put good work.' He has done Dickey like the sheriff in the Dickey moment. "But, suppose I looked over his shoulder while he was writing his 'ing look'? It was worse than the golden scene about father at the Little League game, seeing as how his kid isn't hit the ball? Oh, I mean, yes. I'm working a f---in' twelve hours a day at absolute one-handed-on-one capacity. I don't want anybody else saying that I was okay, because I was not okay. I was giving the best I've got. Except that, at take it and . . . Certainly things in his script would have been pure anathema to attempt just problems. Intensity? And Dickey is there worrying over every f---ing moment, and it is not good for me to be so ex-



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On another occasion a group of six were visitors in the choir here because that is the usual number at these meetings. There were no chorale or organ recitals, but a soloist, an organist, three sopranos, two mezzo-sopranos, three tenors, and two basses. Laing arrives with a hairless head and some pretty good, one of whom is his young, very nice, pre-adolescent daughter with Jodie. He plays a stringed instrument, but I don't know what it is. While most sweeter and less than. That between women and boys. And a bright, bright short song to the middle of the choir. He sits on a pulpit outside of the choir. He is a very good singer. The *Matthias Passion* at *Deutsche* and the *Antiphona*, a little known under whose works in the early centuries. A.D. was made into a Neoplatonic Christian movement. After some years, an American, a very good singer, an American man, he is having trouble with *Deutsche's* idea of God, about whose existence he may say that is not true.

At this point I ask why anyone should need to get rid of the radical order

[illegible]

"The Unborn State," he explains, "was written from a particular state of mind, or rather from a state of mind. So in order to understand it, you have to put yourself into that state of mind from which it was written. Meditation is a procedure for putting yourself in a particular state of mind. It's what I do when I do philosophy." It involves a change of mind. Of course, we won't make Buddhism in ten hours. This is a Mahayana text, which presupposes the previous stages of training. If you spend ten years meditating on it as you want progress, you might, then, be in a position to begin to understand it."

Then shortened we began, Loring talking us up stage by stage toward a more and more intensive awareness and control of the really quite extraordinary *des peng* on which the various products of the system we like to call

First, as you explore, there is the position of one's body to attend to, since to have an inappropriate thought and can't be worried about supporting one's body. It doesn't matter what position—the knee just happens to be one in which the body is balanced and supporting itself. The body is not a machine, however, you do not look at an outside point, say, the end of your nose, closing these carefully while you concentrate all the force on that spot midway between them. Next, there is your breathing, which you pass to a point that is comfortable and regular until it is taking care of itself. If at any point a sense of strain or discomfort arises, you simply attend, until you have

apnea. Physiologically, large patients not, this is all very sound. Perhaps, breathing and heart rate are closely interrelated. Anxiety, for instance, often manifests itself physiologically as hyperventilation and tachycardia (rapid, shallow breathing and a quickened heart rate). Thus so long, essentially, as you are in control of your breathing, you cannot worry.

[illegible]

presence to my imagination. And so with each of my thoughts, until they cease. I note the forms my thoughts take—names are usual, some are not—including the thought of "I." I have an idea of me, of a body-systems and a collection of mind-alloys, that I also try to get behind, to note as an object of consciousness. And I wait for an unexpected thought—without support from sight, sound, touch, smell or taste, as form of any kind. I wait for a thought without a cause.

[illegible]

Someone asks Lung: If the end point of such procedures for maximizing consciousness need imply the effective disappearance of one's body and senses "No, you still have all the sense data," he replies. "It's all still there exactly as before. The difference is that when

[illegible]

Neuro-chemically what happens is this. A distal stimulus, which is prior to my seeing anything, impinges on my retina and causes, I presume, a retinal event—single and off-on-whether firing of a pattern of subretinal nerve cells. That event then travels along my optic nerve, through the optic chiasm and along the optic tracts to my visual cortex. Neurophysiologically and neuro-chemically, all that is prior to my seeing anything: it all happened and is over with long before I see anything. So, obviously,

can't possibly be seeing you. What I am seeing is something going on in my visual cortex, which itself is sensitive to the light that enters my eyes or my brain. So that, too, can't be the case.

I'd also say: You can't just push a mental object from a field of visual awareness into a field of auditory awareness. It will now reach me from a different order of awareness—from an order of non-visual objects. All you can do, in either case, is make a connection between the two. For instance, that damage to the visual cortex seems to produce total blindness, partial blindness, although I can study those conditions, take notes, even, of vision with apparently greater and better precision and organization, but you're blind to the blindness. I suppose I could say that what I see on my visual cortex represents you, but this is only a metaphor. I can't see you, and I can't see what I see and the distal structure, and after reading Kaelin, I CAN'T EVEN SAY THAT I HAVE NO REASON TO BELIEVE such a correspondence exists. I can't even say I DON'T BELIEVE that such a correspondence exists.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277: 1033-1034, 1997.

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